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THE ROYAL HOSPITAL, for the Permanent Care and Comfort of those who by Disease, Accident, or Deformity are hopelessly Disqualified for the Duties of Life.—Instituted July 31, 1854, at the Mansion House, the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor in the Chair.

The FIFTH ELECTION and SECOND ANNUAL MEETING of this Charity will occur on MONDAY, the 24th of November next, at the LONDON TAVERN, Bishopsgate-street, Ten Patients will be chosen from a list of approved candidates. Persons intending to make application should do so forthwith. Cases on payment are taken irrespective of the elections, and may enter at any time.

Information cheerfully supplied at the Office, and subscriptions and donations thankfully received. Office hours from Ten till Four o'clock. **ANDREW REED, D.D.,** Provisional Secretary. Office, 10, Poultry, Sept. 12, 1856.

THE ROYAL HOSPITAL.

TESTIMONIAL.—We, the undersigned Physicians and Surgeons, having been requested to state our opinion of this Asylum, can truly affirm that in the exercise of our profession we are frequently called upon to witness cases of suffering of the class which it is proposed to relieve by this Institution.

We know but too well that many incurable cases annually pass through our hands, either as hospital Physicians and Surgeons, or whilst engaged in private practice.

The proposed Hospital can in no way interfere with any existing hospitals: it will, on the contrary, by providing a refuge for incurable persons whose former station in life unites them for the workhouse, relieve us from the pain of discharging the afflicted individuals to certain want and increasing suffering, often the more poignant from their having partaken of the care and comforts of a hospital.

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Cornelius had a turn from his childhood for "the wonderful things written by magicians":—but the circumstances of his birth and position brought him into a life and services more active than those of exclusively waiting on alembics or drawing out strange planetary calculations. He was sent out into the world to serve Maximilian the First of Germany, as a secretary—was employed when only twenty, by that Prince, in secret service, having as a linguist a rare capacity of making himself useful.—One of his errands was a mission "in company with a superior diplomatist," to Paris. "We know," (to quote Mr. Morley)—

"that he made himself while there the centre of a knot of students, members with him, as it will afterwards be seen, of a secret association of theosophists, and bent upon a wild and daring enterprise."

This enterprise was to mix themselves up in disturbances then "rife" in Castile—to restore the Señor de Gerona, who had been ousted by revolt, to his own domains. Further, the design of Cornelius—

"seems to have included the mastering of Tarragon itself, and the maintenance of that stronghold against the people of the district."

Out of this adventure advantages were to be

won for Emperor Maximilian; but the scheme shows more of the unscrupulous plotter than Mr. Morley would fain have us see in his hero. The adventure and its sequel are the most spirited and romantic portions of the young German scholar's history, as here narrated. That it ended in imminent peril to those who undertook it, was only to be expected. The people of the district rose on the conspirators, and besieged them in a mountain fortress. They were reduced to sharp straits,—but the magician's wit proved sharp enough to extricate himself and comrades from the danger.—

"More formidable than the actual conflict was the famine consequent on their blockade. Perrot, the keeper of the fish-ponds, and erewhile the solitary occupant of that old tower among the rocks and marshes, taking cunning counsel with himself to help his guests and to get rid of them, explored with indefatigable zeal every cranny in the wall of rock by which they were surrounded. Clambering among the wastes, with feet accustomed to the difficulties of the mountain, he hoped that perchance he might be the discoverer of some route worthy, at least, to be tried by men who fled from an extremity of peril. At length a devious and rugged way, by which unconquerable obstacles of crag and chasm were avoided and the mountain top was to be reached, this friendly peasant found. Looking down from the heights he saw how, upon the other side, the mountain rose out of a lake, known to him as the Black Lake, which has an expanse of about four miles, and upon the farther shore of which his master's abbey stood. Attempting next the difficult descent upon that other side, he boldly struck into a gorge by which the mountain snows had poured a torrent down. But Perrot, at the lake, was still far from the abbey; and, to men without a boat, the water was a barrier yet more impassable than the steep mountain. He retraced his way, therefore, and by sunset reached the tower, where an assembly of the garrison was held to hear the result of his explorations. The judgment upon it, of course, was that escape was impossible, unless the boat could be obtained, of getting which there was no hope, unless a letter could be carried through the midst of the besiegers to the abbot's hand. Now the besieging army of the peasants posted and kept constantly relieved strong guards upon every path into the valley, and allowed no person either to go in or pass out on any pretence whatever. Moreover, from the tower no path could be reached except by the one narrow lane across the marshes, barricaded as before described; and to prevent a sally by the doomed band of conspirators, the outlet by this lane was the point best guarded, and, indeed, held by an overwhelming force. The perplexed conspirators, in council, saw no hope for themselves, except through any further help Perrot might furnish; him they besought accordingly, and he informed them that there was a way, known to himself only, by which the marshes could be forded; but that such knowledge was in this case of no use, because, once across them, there were still guards posted upon every path out of the valley. Under these desperate circumstances the ingenuity of young Agrippa was severely tested, and he justified the credit he had won for subtle wit. The keeper of the fish-ponds had a son, who was a shepherd-boy. Cornelius took this youth, disfigured him with stains of milk-thistle and juice of other herbs, befouled his skin and painted it with shocking spots to imitate the marks of leprosy, adjusted his hair into a filthy and unsightly bunch, dressed him in beggar's clothes, and gave him a crooked branch for stick, within which there was scooped a hollow nest for the concealment of the letter. Upon the boy so equipped—a dreadful picture of the outcast leper—the leper's bell was hung, his father seated him upon an ox, and, having led him during the darkness of the night across the marshes by the ford, deposited him before sunrise on dry ground, and left him. Stammering, as he went, petitions for alms, this boy walked without difficulty by a very broad road made for him among the peasantry. Even the guards set upon the paths regarded his approach with terror, and, instead of stopping at their posts to question him, fled right

and left as from a snake that could destroy them with its evil eye, and flung alms to him from a distance. So the boy went upon his errand safely, and, returning next day at about the first watch of the night to the border of the marsh, announced his return by ringing of the bell. His father, on the bullock, crossed the ford to bring him in, and, as he came with the desired answer, there was great rejoicing by Cornelius and his companions. They spent the night in preparation for departure. Towards dawn they covered their retreat by a demonstration of their usual state of watchfulness and desperation, fired several guns, and gave other indications of their presence. This done, they set forth, in dead silence, carrying their baggage, and were guided by Perrot to the summit. There they lay gladly down among the stones to rest, while their guide descended on the other side and spread the preconceived signal, a white cloth, upon a rock. When he returned, they ate the breakfast they had brought with them, all sitting with their eyes towards the lake. At about nine o'clock in the morning two fishermen's barks were discerned, which hoisted a red flag, the abbot's signal. Rejoicing at the sight of this, the escaped men fired off their guns in triumph from the mountain-top, a hint to the besieging peasantry of their departure, and, at the same time, a signal to the rescuers. Still following Perrot, they descended, along ways by him discovered, to the meadows bordering the lake, entered the boats, and before evening were safe under the abbot's roof. The day of this escape was the 14th of August. They had been suffering siege, therefore, during almost two months in the mountain fastness."

We can hardly wonder that the master-spirit who contrived such a "night fitting" as this—one, moreover, who seems to have made no secret of his tendency towards occult studies—got a suspicious reputation among churchmen, since these have never been prone to admire any miracles and marvels save those that they have themselves concocted and carried out. In the very next chapter we are told of the young nobleman exchanging the sword for the gown of the Doctor of Divinity,—still endeavouring (as the fashion of those days ran) to win advancement by Court favour shown to his learning. The patroness whom he hoped to charm and attach to himself was Margaret of Austria, Maximilian's daughter, and "mistress of Dôle and Burgundy,"—and the exercise by which this feat was to be accomplished was an exposition in orations of the book on the Mirific Word, by Reuchlin; a sage more than suspected of heresy, and of whose cabalistic studies Mr. Morley fairly introduces an elaborate sketch, in order to prove the really learned and religious intent of his hero, and to clear his character from "the defamation by which, when he lived, his spirit was tormented, and the hope of his existence miserably frustrated." But the zeal of Agrippa's apologist makes him a trifle too hard on the age and the men that persecuted the magician. That the men of art and science themselves played tricks in jest, we know well, as is shown in an anecdote here recorded of this same Reuchlin.—

"He was detained once in an inn when it was raining very heavily, and of course had his book with him. The rain had driven into the common room a large number of country-people, who were making a great noise. To quiet them Reuchlin called for a piece of chalk, and drew with it a circle on the table before which he sat. Within the circle he then drew a cross, and also within it, on the right side of the cross, he placed with great solemnity a cup of water, on the left he stuck a knife upright. Then placing a book—doubtless a Hebrew one—within the mysterious circle, he began to read, and the rustics who had gathered round him, with their mouths agape, patiently waited for the consequence of all this conjuration. The result was that Reuchlin finished comfortably the chapter he was reading without being distressed even by a whisper of disturbance."

But that there were also tricks in earnest, played with their own sincerity, by the students of occult sciences (as they were called) in those days, what thinker can doubt that is conversant with the anecdotes of the times? There is, possibly, no more hideous record in any language than the well-known story of the false miracles wrought in the Dominican Convent at Berne, by a knot of ecclesiastics anxious to support their own doctrine with supernatural testimony. And yet the unweaving and unfrocking process undertaken by the denouncers of the false miracles could not be completed without the world being gravely assured that in the invention of their abominable devices the intriguing Dominicans were aided by the Evil One in person.—It is difficult to go through the elaborate outline of Cornelius Agrippa's great work on 'Occult Philosophy,' here drawn out by Mr. Morley, and not to feel a conviction that its writer must have conceived himself a magician in more than speculation. If such be the impression that will be received from the statement by every one short of an enthusiastic advocate, there is no want of charity,—only an acquiescence with the known laws of human nature—in conceiving how one so perpetually in search of home, power, and protection as Cornelius Agrippa may have leaned to his delusions occasionally, at the instance of some more ignorant person, anxious to behold marvels such as those that the scholar discoursed of.—If there was no more than theory in Cornelius Agrippa's life, the wonder becomes almost greater than any of the mysteries which he put forth; if more than theory, his persecutors must not be visited with bitter and unmitigated censure. It is a hard exercise for the weak to determine when a strong man is toying,—when he is serious.

It would fatigue, rather than edify, the general reader were we to illustrate what has been said by following the unsuccessful life of "the Magician" step by step, chasm by chasm, through his wanderings in Italy, England, and France; and the more since many of these are glanced at rather than clearly exposed by Mr. Morley (a large portion being extracted from the adventurer's letters),—possibly owing to slenderness of material, possibly owing to the biographer's resolution to reject any testimony running counter to the line of argument adopted. But one episode from the life of the advocate and physician while he was at Metz may be given,—as not only picturesque of its kind, but as showing the strong side of Agrippa's heresies, and himself as the defender of a victim of superstition. Metz was hardly a fit abode for one so learned and so liberal as he: it was a nest of Dominicans,—who were singularly cruel to Jews, harsh upon reformers, and merciless to any who were suspected of trafficking in witchcraft.—

"At Vuoypp, a neighbouring village, to north-westward of Metz, on the other side of the Moselle, there lived a young woman, a poor man's wife, whose mother had been burnt for a witch. This source of endless horror and distress to her, was also her own crime. As the mother had been, so, it was said, the daughter must be; and one night a crowd of rustics, who had been drinking together, broke into her house, dragged her with much ill-treatment from her bed, and locked her in a prison of their own invention. There, without any authority whatever, they detained her until the chapter, moved by urgent representations, brought her into the town for proper trial before the official of the Court of Metz. The rustics were allowed a certain time to decide whether they would accuse before the civil power, or denounce the woman to the Inquisition. On the appointed day eight scoundrels came forward as accusers; they were ordered to give prisoners as pledges of the good faith of their suit against the

woman, and demurring to this, were allowed two days' more reflection by advice of Nicolas Savin, the Inquisitor, who sat with the Judge. During those two days the Inquisitor received eggs, butter, and cakes, the Judge gold pieces; and when the case was next heard, the miserable woman was sent to Vuoypp, in the hands of her accusers, or of four of them, the other four having been rejected as notorious ruffians. This was done suddenly, without the cognizance of Cornelius Agrippa, who had come manfully forward to protect the woman in her helplessness, and had argued publicly as a jurisconsult, privately as a Christian, the illegality and immorality of previous proceedings. Especially he had opposed the right of the Dominican, Nicolas Savin, to exercise his office of Inquisitor, or sit beside the Judge. He had appeared in the court as advocate of the accused on that occasion when the cause was postponed for two days, had been reviled, he says, by 'that brotherkin (I err), that great, swollen, and fat brother, Nicolas Savin, of the Dominican Convent, Inquisitor,' and threatened with a process against himself also, as favourer of heretics; he had been in that spirit turned out of court. On the same evening he wrote a letter to the Judge, showing the law in writing that he was not suffered to explain by word of mouth. For his being called a favourer of heretics, 'the rascally Inquisitor,' he says, 'as you may see by these his words, condemns the simple woman as a heretic, when the cause of action scarcely has been stated.' * * He wrote to a corrupt judge, as we have seen. The woman, given, on the next appointed day, into the power of her enemies, was dragged back by them to Vuoypp, beaten and insulted on the way. She was then thrown into a filthy place of durance—filthy it must have been to have been called in those days 'worse than penal'—suffering under the injuries she had received, and deprived of rest by night or day, while her accusers were at liberty, drinking and playing with their trenchers. After some days, John Leonard, the official of the court at Metz, gave hearing to the case in the village itself, which lay beyond the circle of his jurisdiction. Then the unhappy creature was proceeded against contrary to the tenor of the law, by a double suit at once, by civil action and by inquisition. Her advocate, Agrippa, being absent, her husband not permitted access to the place of trial, lest he should interpose objection or appeal, 'by the advice,' says Cornelius, writing an account of the case to his friend Cantimucula, at Basle—'by the advice of that great bloated and fat brute, the Inquisitor, more cruel than the very executioner, the poor little woman, by virtue of the before-named stupid book (the 'Malleus Maleficarum'), was exposed to the question under torture. But at last the civil magistrate himself, and those who were appointed questioners and censors, having gone away smitten with horror at the savage spectacle, the woman was left in the hands of the executioner and that Inquisitor, only her accusers and enemies being present, but the judge and censors absent, and among these she was then racked with atrocious torments. Carried back to her dungeon, at the hands of her enemies she suffered more ill-treatment, and was iniquitously deprived of her appointed food and water. At length, the iniquity becoming known, she was brought back to Metz, by order of the chapter.' By a strange chance it happened that the unjust judge, John Leonard, had fallen sick, and was haunted by the tortured woman's agonies upon his death-bed. He expressed horror at Savin's cruelty, and sent a special messenger to the chapter, pleading for the victim with the eloquence of his remorse, and to the Inquisitor Savin he sent, by the hands of a notary, his written judgment that the woman was innocent, or, if suspected, that she was purged of offence by her late sufferings, and by all means to be set free. But she was not set free. Nicolas Savin took the writing addressed to him by the dying judge, as an admission of his jurisdiction, and demanded that the miserable woman be delivered up to him to be exposed to a most searching torture, and then burnt. Cornelius was indefatigable, and Louisa had reason to love her husband for the noble energy with which he spent his days in working all the powers of the law, seeking out witnesses, and by public and by private pleading, ever active in a work of mercy, careless of the ruin it might bring to his own worldly reputation. To the successor of the

deceased magistrate, as soon as he was appointed, Cornelius sent an appeal."

This letter—couched in the most fiery language that generous indignation could use—did its work.—

"Cornelius Agrippa won his cause. He brought the Inquisitor into discredit and made of him a by-word for a little time. The chapter excluded him from jurisdiction in the case, the woman received absolution from the vicar of the church at Metz, and her enemies were fined a hundred francs for unjust accusation of the innocent."

After such a victory it was impossible that the champion could remain on the spot where he had conquered.—

"He was hunted from this town," say the Benedictine monks, who wrote a copious history of Metz,—"he was hunted from this town in 1520."

May it not have been one or two experiences such as these—opening the mind of a good and learned man to the peril attending the remote and visionary studies which he had embraced so eagerly as a young scholar—which found unconscious expression at a later period of "the Magician's Life" in his 'Book on the Vanity of Sciences and Arts'?—Mr. Morley well calls it a bitter jest; to us, so far as the sketch given here enables us to judge, there seems in it a tone likewise of bitter earnest,—an echo of Balaam's prophecy, forced from him in defiance of his inclination. Sad, in truth, was the life in the course of which this bitterness (however it be esteemed) had been distilled. Let him have been merely sage, or one-half sorcerer, Cornelius Agrippa had warm human feelings. Thrice married, twice widowed (divorced from his third wife)—his letters, inasmuch as they advert to his domestic relations, are always true and charming. In one respect, moreover, he justified the popular superstition concerning magicians and others who "know what they should not have known," which is, that their fortunes fail to thrive. He was always seeking protection, often, apparently, within sight of the port of Prosperity; but the doom of learning during a dark time (and, it may be, of somewhat more) pursued him. He was hunted from city to city—from country to country—from controversy to controversy—and died an unprosperous and weary man, at Dauphiné, on his way to Lyons, "aged forty-nine."

"The people [says Mr. Morley] were instructed very shortly afterwards with a minute account of the magician's death, which I will give as it is to be found in the works of a contemporary. It was an unlucky coincidence, perhaps, that Agrippa really had a little black dog, called Monsieur, among his pets. Simon the Magician, Sylvester, Dr. Faustus, Bragandin of Venice, all had dogs. Cornelius Agrippa had one. He would remain for a whole week together working in his study, having for companion the pet dog, which he suffered to sit on his table, or run loose among his papers. 'Wierus,' Delrio says, 'denies its having been a devil, as others more truly affirm.' We have accepted one statement of the manner of Agrippa's death; let us now hear what is more truly affirmed by the grave priest and learned traveller, M. Thevet: 'At last, having betaken himself to Lyons, very wretched, and deprived of his faculties, he tried all the means that he could to live, waving, as dexterously as he could, the end of his stick, and yet gained so little, that he died in a miserable inn, disgraced and abhorred before all the world, which detested him as an accursed and execrable magician, because he always carried about with him as his companion a devil in the figure of a dog, from whose neck, when he felt death approaching, he removed the collar, figured all over with magic characters, and afterwards, being in a half-mad state, he drove it from him with these words: 'Go, vile beast, by whom I am brought utterly to perdition.' And afterwards this dog, which had been so familiar with him, and been his assiduous companion in his travels, was no more seen; because, after the command Agrippa gave

him, he began to run towards the Saône, where he leapt in, and never came out thence, for which reason it is judged that he was drowned there.'"

So ends a story as sad as has been often told, —whether we accept this narrative as a quit-tance in full, or admit the fancy, which need not once again be propounded to the reader of this last of Mr. Morley's biographies of singular scholars.

Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton. By the late S. T. Coleridge. *A List of all the MS. Emendations in Mr. Collier's Folio, 1632; and an Introductory Preface.* By J. Payne Collier, Esq. Chapman & Hall.

HERE are three distinct claims on the reader's attention; but why the Lectures of Coleridge, the Emendations of the Folio, and the controversial and anecdotal Preface, which fills about half the volume, should have been bound together we are at a loss to conjecture; and can only suppose that Mr. Collier has taken a hint from Coleridge, who, it appears, in some merry mood, was pleased to discourse on the singular manner in which the number three triumphed everywhere and in everything; and then favoured his friendly listeners with a page and a half of illustrations, such as they are:—thus, said Coleridge, there are three archangels—three religions—three great prophets—three lights of the physical world—three natural elements—three colours in nature—three forms of government—three estates in England, King, Lords, and Commons—three styles of architecture—three great painters—three great sculptors—three great satirical characters—three remarkable prose sentences! and so on,—to which we may now add, Mr. Collier's three Essays under one cover.

Mr. Collier's volume will have especial interest for many persons. The "Notes and Emendations" from the remarkable Folio will be acceptable to all. Few persons are aware of the extent, abroad and at home, to which discussion on the subject has been carried. The *Athenæum* has offered its opinion, and need not enter again on the vexed question; but considering how personally and angrily Mr. Collier has been attacked, we may allow him to show that his adversaries are not quite consistent.

Thus Mr. Singer—

"Who denounced most, if not all, of the corrections as undeserving a moment's consideration, as vulgar, stupid, imbecile, ignorant, spurious, with a thousand other derogatory epithets, has been compelled to print in the text of his new edition of Shakespeare the very words which, in the inconsiderateness of his animosity, he utterly rejected. * * A single example shall suffice, and that from the comedy which has first opened to my hand—'Love's Labour's Lost.' From this drama alone I might select various other instances, where the text of the corrected folio, 1632, is accepted, but I confine myself to one. It occurs in Act V., Scene 2, where the Princess has just received news of the death of her father: when the King addresses himself to her, she replies, as the text has stood from the year 1598 to our own day,—

I understand you not: my griefs are double.

Those who take the pains to refer to Mr. Singer's pamphlet against me and my folio 1632, will see with what scorn and ridicule he treats the proposed emendation, which properly shows that the Princess did not understand the King, because, naturally enough, her griefs had deadened her faculties;

I understand you not: my griefs are dull.

According to Mr. Singer nothing could be more absurd than the substitution of 'dull' for 'double,' which I advocated mainly on the ground that the scribe or compositor had misheard the right word, and had written or printed the wrong one. Mr. Singer had some theory of his own about griefs seeing 'double,' and therefore he condemned the correction in my folio 1632 as not only uncalled for, but inadmissible.

What is the result? That he has adopted into his text the very word he had expunged with indignant disdain, and the line now actually stands thus printed in his edition of 1856, Vol. II., p. 312:—

I understand you not: my griefs are dull.

So much for this editor's horror at the proposed innovation. * * It is however but bare justice, when he does resort to the MS. annotator, to quote him correctly, and not to charge him with blunders he never committed. The old worthy has had imputations of ignorance and incompetence more than enough cast upon him, without the addition of what his opponents derive from their own imaginations. Again I take only a single instance, and again I go no farther than the play before me, 'Love's Labour's Lost'—the same Act, and the same scene in which Mr. Singer has been obliged to swallow the leek 'dull,' instead of his own favourite *double*. The following line is there met with:—

As love is full of unbefitting strains;

which the old corrector tells us to read thus naturally,

As love is full of unbefitting *strangeness*,

the scribe, or compositor, having misheard 'strains' for *strangeness*. What is Mr. Singer's note? This,—"Here again, the corrector of Mr. Collier's folio would change *strains* for *strangings*." Certainly not: Mr. Collier's folio proposed no such nonsense; but 'straying' does occur just below for *strange*, and that alteration in my folio 1632 Mr. Singer adopts, though he says not a word to show from whence he obtained it. * * Sir Nathaniel, speaking of Costard, says:

So were there a patch set on learning, to see him in a school. Thus the passage is printed, not only 'in the old copy' as Mr. Singer remarks; but in every old copy, quarto and folio, and, as far as I know, in every new copy from the time of Rowe to our own day. The corrector of the folio 1632 tells us, that for 'to see him in a school' we ought to read, 'to set him in a school': the emendation is inevitable;

So were there a patch set on learning, to set him in a school. Mr. Singer felt that it was inevitable, and therefore he prints, 'to set him in a school'; but although, in the preceding note, he talks of the 'absurd attempt' of the old corrector 'to throw the whole speech into rhyme,' and therefore must have known that the old corrector's emendation was set for 'see,' he never has the candour to state that he had obtained it from the annotated folio 1632; he simply observes that 'the equivocal rendered the change necessary.' To be sure it did; but neither Mr. Singer, nor, I believe, anybody else during the last hundred and fifty years, saw that necessity until it was pointed out by the old corrector. * * I might adduce evidence of the same kind from the beginning to the end of this comedy, but I am afraid of tiring the reader. I will only just ask from whence did Mr. Singer obtain *them* in the eighth line of Rosalind's last speech, if not from the corrected folio 1632? Yet, what is his note upon altering 'then' to *them*? Merely this, 'The folios misprint *then* for *them*.' Not only do the folios misprint 'then' for *them*, but the quarto 1598 has the same blunder, as Mr. Singer must have known, unless he were indeed wofully disqualified for his task. Yet he leads people to suppose that 'then' is a misprint only in the folios, and goes on to borrow (I use no harsher word) the emendation, which he knows is in the corrected folio 1632, because he has just referred to it in another note on the same page, suppressing the fact, that the emendation had never been hinted at, until he saw it in my volume of 'Notes and Emendations.'

In America the discussion has been carried on as actively as in this country, and Mr. Collier observes:—

"My volume of 'Notes and Emendations' has, I understand, been more than once reprinted there, in a cheap form; and it has, as might be expected, stirred up antagonists, some temperate, others almost furious at the proposed innovations. What is the result? Why, even the most determined opponent is obliged to acknowledge that a hundred and seventeen emendations cannot possibly be resisted: they are in themselves so conclusive and self-evident, that they must, he owns, of necessity become part of the text of Shakespeare. I have no ground for complaint at this decision: I may think that many more than a hundred and seventeen improvements of the mis-represented language of the poet ought to

be admitted; but I am content, for argument's sake, to take it, that the old annotator of my folio 1632 has furnished only a hundred and seventeen emendations that must inevitably be adopted. Show me the annotator, or the whole body of annotators from Rowe down to Collier, of whom it can be truly affirmed, that they have afforded a hundred and seventeen instances of improvement in the text of Shakespeare, so indubitable and so important, that no edition can hereafter be printed without them.

We may venture to predict that Mr. Singer's Shakespeare, at the rate at which he has hitherto inserted them, will contain many more than a hundred and seventeen emendations from my folio 1632, however adverse he may be to admit them, or their excellence; and if I bring forward a book which contains a hundred and seventeen admirable changes, beyond all that the editors have done for Shakespeare during the last hundred and fifty years, is not an important benefit conferred upon the literature of our country? Was it not worth all the dust that has been raised about it, even if it had been 'the dust of Ophir,' instead of the dogmatical dust of doughty disputants?"

The Coleridge Lectures are a somewhat delicate subject. Notes or abstracts of Coleridge's Lectures on Shakespeare have been already published; but Coleridge's Lectures were never twice alike. In a letter to a friend he himself observed,—

"Permit me to remove a very natural, indeed almost inevitable, mistake relative to my lectures: namely, that I have them, or that the Lectures of one place or season are in any way repeated in another; * * and those who have attended me for any two seasons successively will bear witness that the Lecture given at the London Philosophical Society, on the 'Romeo and Juliet,' for instance, was as different from that given at the Crown and Anchor as if they had been by two individuals who, without any communication with each other, had only mastered the same principles of philosophic criticism."

The publication, however, to which we have referred, though edited by Coleridge's daughter, is, in some respects, of the same character as this by Mr. Collier. It consists, we are told, of notes either written in Coleridge's own hand, "or taken down by others from his Lectures." By whom taken down we are not informed, and yet the age and the ability of the reporter are questions of importance. Mr. Collier, it is obvious, must have been a very young man in 1811, when these Lectures were delivered. He must have tried a sort of "prentice hand" as a reporter on that occasion. He might, indeed, even so early, have been able literally and mechanically to have followed the lecturer; but to condense and abridge and do justice to Coleridge seems to us beyond the power of so young a man; and this opinion is strengthened by observing that the Lectures given at the greatest length are by far the best. In proof of the extent to which condensation was attempted, we may observe that the first two Lectures, as here reported, would not have occupied more than a quarter of an hour each in delivery. However, take them for what they are and they will be acceptable. The philosophical abstracts heretofore published will here often find their development or suggest it; on 'Romeo and Juliet,' on 'The Tempest,' and some others, the lecturer lingers lovingly over his subject, as Coleridge was sure to do; and the thoughtful will find apt illustration of his general argument. Here is a beautiful passage in proof.—

"If a doubt could ever be entertained whether Shakespeare was a great poet, acting upon laws arising out of his own nature, and not without law, as has sometimes been idly asserted, that doubt must be removed by the character of Ariel. The very first words uttered by this being introduce the spirit, not as an angel, above man; not a gnome, or a fiend, below man; but while the poet gives him the faculties

and the advantages of reason, he divests him of all mortal character, not positively, it is true, but negatively. In air he lives, from air he derives his being, in air he acts; and all his colours and properties seem to have been obtained from the rainbow and the skies. There is nothing about Ariel that cannot be conceived to exist either at sunrise or at sunset: hence all that belongs to Ariel belongs to the delight the mind is capable of receiving from the most lovely external appearances. His answers to Prospero are directly to the question, and nothing beyond; or where he expatiates, which is not unfrequently, it is to himself and upon his own delights, or upon the unnatural situation in which he is placed, though under a kindly power and to good ends. Shakespeare has properly made Ariel's very first speech characteristic of him. After he has described the manner in which he had raised the storm and produced its harmless consequences, we find that Ariel is discontented—that he has been freed, it is true, from a cruel confinement, but still that he is bound to obey Prospero and to execute any commands imposed upon him. We feel that such a state of bondage is almost unnatural to him, yet we see that it is delightful for him to be so employed. It is as if we were to command one of the winds in a different direction to that which nature dictates, or one of the waves, now rising and now sinking, to recede before it bursts upon the shore: such is the feeling we experience, when we learn that a being like Ariel is commanded to fulfil any mortal behest. When, however, Shakespeare contrasts the treatment of Ariel by Prospero with that of Sycorax, we are sensible that the liberated spirit ought to be grateful, and Ariel does feel and acknowledge the obligation; he immediately assumes the airy being, with a mind so elastically correspondent, that when once a feeling has passed from it, not a trace is left behind. Is there anything in nature from which Shakespeare caught the idea of this delicate and delightful being, with such child-like simplicity, yet with such preternatural powers? He is neither born of heaven, nor of earth; but as it were, between both, like a May-blossom kept suspended in air by the fanning breeze, which prevents it from falling to the ground, and only finally, and by compulsion touching earth. This reluctance of the Sylph to be under the command even of Prospero is kept up through the whole play, and in the exercise of his admirable judgment Shakespeare has availed himself of it, in order to give Ariel an interest in the event, looking forward to that moment when he was to gain his last and only reward—simple and eternal liberty. Another instance of admirable judgment and excellent preparation is to be found in the creature contrasted with Ariel—Caliban; who is described in such a manner by Prospero, as to lead us to expect the appearance of a foul, unnatural monster. He is not seen at once: his voice is heard; this is the preparation; he was too offensive to be seen first in all his deformity, and in nature we do not receive so much disgust from sound as from sight. After we have heard Caliban's voice he does not enter, until Ariel has entered like a water-nymph. All the strength of contrast is thus acquired without any of the shock of abruptness, or of that unpleasant sensation, which we experience when the object presented is in any way hateful to our vision. The character of Caliban is wonderfully conceived: he is a sort of creature of the earth, as Ariel is a sort of creature of the air. He partakes of the qualities of the brute, but is distinguished from brutes in two ways:—by having more understanding without moral reason; and by not possessing the instincts which pertain to absolute animals. Still, Caliban is in some respects a noble being: the poet has raised him far above contempt: he is a man in the sense of the imagination: all the images he uses are drawn from nature, and are highly poetical; they fit in with the images of Ariel. Caliban gives us images from the earth, Ariel images from the air. Caliban talks of the difficulty of finding fresh water, of the situation of morasses, and of other circumstances which even brute instinct, without reason, could comprehend. No mean figure is employed, no mean passion displayed, beyond animal passion, and repugnance to command."

We may hereafter give further illustrations from these Lectures, but must now turn to the Preface. In this, again, Coleridge figures prominently,

for he was a visitor at Mr. Collier's father's house, and the son often met him at Charles Lamb's in the Temple. Here is Coleridge's opinion as to the order in which Shakespeare's plays were written.—

"Although Malone had collected a great many external particulars regarding the age of each play, they were all, in Coleridge's mind, much less satisfactory than the knowledge to be obtained from internal evidence. If he were to adopt any theory upon the subject, it would rather be physiological and pathological than chronological. There appeared to be three stages in Shakespeare's genius; it did not seem as if in the outset he thought his ability of a dramatic kind, excepting perhaps as an actor, in which, like many others, he had been somewhat mistaken, though by no means so much as it was the custom to believe. Hence his two poems, 'Venus and Adonis' and 'Lucifer,' both of a narrative character, which must have been written very early: the first, at all events, must have been produced in the country, amid country scenes, sights, and employments; but the last had more the air of a city, and of society. With regard to his dramas, they might easily be placed in groups. 'Titus Andronicus' would, in some sort, stand alone, because it was obviously intended to excite vulgar audiences by its scenes of blood and horror—to our ears shocking and disgusting. This was the fashion of plays in Shakespeare's youth; but the taste, if such indeed it were, soon disappeared, as it was sure to do with a man of his character of mind; and then followed, probably, that beautiful love-poem 'Romeo and Juliet,' and 'Love's Labour's Lost,' made up entirely of the same passion. These might be succeeded by 'All's Well that Ends Well,' not an agreeable story, but still full of love; and by 'As You Like It,' not Shakespeare's invention as to plot, but entirely his own as to dialogue, with all the vivacity of wit and the elasticity of youth and animal spirits. No man, even in the middle period of life, he thought, could have produced it. 'Midsummer Night's Dream' and 'Twelfth Night' hardly appeared to belong to the complete maturity of his genius: Shakespeare was then ripening his powers for such works as 'Troilus and Cressida,' 'Coriolanus,' 'Julius Caesar,' 'Cymbeline,' and 'Othello.' Coleridge professed that he could not yet make up his mind to assign a period to 'The Merchant of Venice,' to 'Much Ado about Nothing,' nor to 'Measure for Measure'; but he was convinced that 'Antony and Cleopatra,' 'Hamlet,' 'Macbeth,' 'Lear,' 'The Tempest,' and 'The Winter's Tale,' were late productions,—especially 'The Winter's Tale.' These belonged to the third group. When asked what he would do with the historical plays, he replied that he was much at a loss. Historical plays had been written and acted before Shakespeare took up those subjects; and there was no doubt whatever that his contributions to the three parts of Henry VI. were very small; indeed he doubted, in opposition to Malone, whether he had had anything to do with the first part of Henry VI.: if he had, it must have been extremely early in his career. 'Richard II.' and 'Richard III.'—noble plays, and the finest specimens of their kind—must have preceded the two parts of 'Henry IV.'; and 'Henry VIII.' was decidedly a late play. Dramas of this description ought to be treated by themselves; they were neither tragedy nor comedy, and yet at times both. Though far from accurate as to events, in point of character they were the essential truth of history. 'Let no man (said Coleridge) blame his son for learning history from Shakespeare.'"

Coleridge had a low opinion of Campbell and Scott and Southey as poets; neither, he said, "would, by their poetry, survive much beyond the day when they lived and wrote."

"I would rather have written one simile by Burns, Like snow that falls upon a river, A moment white, then gone for ever—† than all the poetry that his countryman Scott—as far as I am yet able to form an estimate—is likely to produce."

On another occasion the name of Samuel Rogers was mentioned, and a question arose as

† Or like the snow-falls in the river, A moment white—then melts for ever.—Burns.

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to how far he was entitled to rank as a poet.—

"My father [says Mr. Collier] produced a copy of 'The Pleasures of Memory,' which its author had given to him many years ago, before the termination of their intimacy, which termination proceeded mainly on the ground that my father seconded the wishes of one of my mother's sisters, that Rogers should not pay his addresses to her. At that date he was looking out for a wife, but, for reasons it is needless to assign, did not meet with encouragement. I was then much too young to know anything about the matter; but, though pecuniary affairs might have had something to do with the estrangement, I have been always told that the acquaintance ceased, because my father had taken very gentle measures to keep an unwelcome suitor at a distance. At an earlier period Rogers and my father were on such friendly terms, that when the latter went to Spain, a continual correspondence was kept up between them, one writing the news from Madrid, Seville, or Barcelona, and the other the intelligence public and private from London, where Rogers unwillingly remained, a clerk in his father's banking-house. Some of these letters I have seen and read. My father had known Rogers almost from boyhood, and stated that the love of poetry, and the desire to write it, were not of early growth in him: he was nearly thirty when 'The Pleasures of Memory' was published. Hazlitt contended that there was 'a final finish' (his own words) about the lines, which made them read like the composition of a mature period; and he added his conviction that they were produced with much labour and toil, and afterwards polished with painful industry. Such was indisputably the fact; and it was generally declared that no free and flowing poet could write so neat and formal a hand: it was fit for a banker's clerk, who was afterwards to become a banker. Coleridge dwelt upon the harmony and sweetness of many of the couplets, and was willing to put the versification about on a par with Goldsmith's 'Traveler.' Hazlitt, on the other hand, protested against Rogers being reckoned a poet at all: he was a banker; he had been born a banker, bred a banker, and a banker he must remain; if he were a poet, he was certainly a poet *sui generis*. 'Aye, *sui generis*' (stuttered Lamb, in his cheerful jocular way, looking at everything on the sunny and most agreeable side), Rogers is not like Catiline, *sui profusus*, any more than he is *alieni appetens*, but he is *sui generis*, and I believe that few deserving people make appeals to him in vain."

Wordsworth appears at these meetings, not frequently or prominently, but always in character.—

"I pressed him [says Mr. Collier] as to which of his own poems he liked best, but I could not obtain any satisfactory answer, beyond his saying that he liked many of them best, according to the class and character of each—each in its separate department. He laid it down, that Dryden was the finest writer of couplets, Spenser of stanzas, and Milton of blank verse; yet Pope was a more finished and polished versifier than Dryden, and some of Thomson's stanzas in the 'Castle of Indolence' were quite equal to Spenser. He was strong in his admiration of Dyer's 'Fleece,' a poem I had not read; and I was rather surprised to hear him speak so well of the earlier portion of Beattie's 'Minstrel,' not so much for originality of thought, as for the skillful manner in which he had employed the nine-line stanza. Wordsworth seemed to be endeavouring to direct my taste towards the best models in our language. He afterwards spoke of his own poem, 'The Cuckoo,' with such warm praise as to make it evident to me that, if he did not consider it his best of its kind, it was a favourite with him, especially the opening:

O, blithe new-come! I have heard,
I hear thee and rejoice.
O cuckoo! shall I call thee bird,
Or but a wandering voice?

Everybody must admit the justice of the thought; and Wordsworth added, that the merit did not so much consist in that thought, which must be familiar to all, but in the power of recording what struck all as true, but what had never before been remarked upon; the Cuckoo was always heard, but never seen, and therefore poetically termed 'a wandering voice.' I mentioned that I had several times seen the cuckoo,

but Wordsworth observed that that made no difference as to the general accuracy. It was hinted that the same might be said of the owl: as the cuckoo was heard and never seen in the day, so the owl was heard and never seen in the night. Wordsworth seemed to think this remark hypercritical, but was willing to admit that it was, to a certain extent, true of the owl: it was also a voice, but not 'a wandering voice,' since, when it hooted at night, it was invariably stationary."

We must, however, conclude, at least for the present, with a characteristic anecdote of some literary interest. In or about 1817 Coleridge was to deliver another course of Lectures, and both Wordsworth and Lamb wrote to Mr. Collier on the subject.—

"Wednesday.

"My dear Sir,—Coleridge, to whom all but certain reviewers wish well, intends to try the effect of another course of Lectures in London on Poetry generally, and on Shakespeare's Poetry particularly. He gained some money and reputation by his last effort of the kind, which was, indeed, to him no effort, since his thoughts as well as his words flow spontaneously. He talks as a bird sings, as if he could not help it: it is his nature. He is now far from well in body or spirits: the former is suffering from various causes, and the latter from depression. No man ever deserved to have fewer enemies, yet, as he thinks and says, no man has more, or more virulent. You have long been among his friends; and as far as you can go, you will no doubt prove it on this as on other occasions. We are all anxious on his account. He means to call upon you himself, or write from Highgate, where he now is.

"Yours sincerely, W. WORDSWORTH."
In consequence, Mr. Collier applied for a ticket, and Coleridge sent one "neither signed nor sealed." On being informed of the blunder, Coleridge wrote the following note:—

"Dear Sir,—If you knew but half the perplexities with which (thank God! as one sinned against, not sinning) I have been thorned and embroiled, you would rather wonder that I retained any presence of mind at all, than that I should have blundered in sending you an unsigned, unsealed ticket. Precious fellows, these gentry, the Reverend C*** and his comrades are! Contrary to the most solemn promise made in the presence of Mr. G*** and Dr. C***, they have sent into the world an Essay which cost me four months' incessant labour, and which I valued more than all my other prose writings taken collectively, so bedeviled, so interpolated and topsy-turvyed—so utterly unlike my principles, or, from endless contradictions, any principles at all, that it would be hard to decide, whether it is, in its present state, more discredit to me as a man of letters, or dishonourable to me as an honest man; and, on my demanding my MSS. (C*** knowing, after his engagement, I had destroyed my fragmentary foul copies), I received the modest reply, that they had purchased the goods, and should do what they liked with them. I shudder, in my present state of health and spirits, at any controversy with men like them; and yet shall, I fear, be compelled by common honesty, to dissolve all connexion with the Encyclopædia, which is, throughout, a breach of promise compared with my Prospectus, even as they themselves published it.—Your obliged,

"J. Payne Collier, Esq. S. T. COLERIDGE."

The volume will be acceptable to many persons, and to all Shakspearian scholars.

The Discovery of the North-West Passage, by H.M.S. Investigator, Captain R. M'Clure, 1850—1854. Edited by Commander Sherard Osborn. Longman & Co.

NEARLY three centuries have passed since that sturdy Arctic navigator, Martin Frobisher, emphatically declared that "the only thing left undone whereby a notable mind might be made famous and fortunate, was the discovery of the North-west Passage." These words were uttered at a period when the map of the Arctic regions was, comparatively speaking, a blank; for although the expeditions of Hudson, Davis, Baffin,

and Frobisher had added considerably to the limited knowledge of the northern part of our globe, yet nearly the entire region north of the American continent, and west of the 80th meridian, was unknown. As fresh expeditions of discovery left our shores for the north, the desire to solve the great problem of the North-west Passage increased; and it speaks well for the energy of British seamen that, undaunted by innumerable failures, great perils, and fearful hardships, the flag of England has been carried from the Pacific to the Atlantic north of America two hundred and seventy-four years after Frobisher's first Arctic voyage.

The history of this famous discovery is well entitled to a special work, and we feel certain that among the numerous volumes descriptive of Arctic enterprise, which have swelled to the proportions of a library, none will rank higher, or be more generally read, than that now published. Independently of the great interest attaching to the successful result, after four years' battling with thick-ribbed ice, the entire narrative of the Investigator's voyage is told in such a simple and unaffected manner as to win our sympathy and command our admiration.

In 1850 the Enterprise and Investigator left England to search for the Franklin Expedition. The command was given to Capt. Collinson, who was directed to enter Behring's Straits, and explore the seas near Melville Island. Capt. Collinson's ship, the Enterprise, although the fastest sailer, failed entering the Arctic sea in the above year; but Capt. M'Clure, who commanded the Investigator, had better fortune, and full of energy and zeal, he determined on pushing on, though companionless, into unknown seas. A narrow lane of water between the coast of North America and vast plains of packed ice, called by the Esquimaux the Land of the White Bear, favoured Capt. M'Clure, and through this the Investigator was navigated—though not without great difficulty—as far as the 125th meridian. Open water now appeared to the north-east; the ship's course was altered, and a channel named Prince of Wales' Strait was discovered. Thus far Capt. M'Clure was singularly fortunate; and we are not surprised that, having navigated his ship so far to the east—for he had attained the 117th meridian at the commencement of September—a strong desire to discover the North-west Passage should have animated the party.—

"They felt [says Capt. Osborn] as if they would give all they held dear in life for another week of summer. The dangers of the navigation, cold, hunger, and hardship,—all were forgotten. 'Only give us time,' they said, 'and we must make the North-west Passage.' At noon the observations placed the 'Investigator' only sixty miles from Barrow's Strait. 'I cannot,' writes Captain M'Clure in his private journal, 'describe my anxious feelings. Can it be possible that this water communicates with Barrow's Strait, and shall prove to be the long-sought North-west Passage? Can it be that so humble a creature as I am will be permitted to perform what has baffled the talented and wise for hundreds of years!'"

So on they went, through churning seas of ice, the crew constantly leaping with hawsers from floe to floe. At length further progress northward was barred by heavy ice; but, unwilling to retrace his steps, Capt. M'Clure resolved to winter in the pack. The perils incurred before a lower temperature bound the ice fast were terrific. Here is one of their escapes:—

"The 28th was spent in breathless anxiety, as, helpless in their icy trammels, they swept northward again towards the cliffs of Princess Royal Island. These cliffs rose perpendicularly from the sea at the part against which the ship appeared to be setting, and as the crew eyed them for a hope of safety, if the good craft should be crushed against

their face, they could see no ledge upon which even a goat could have established a footing; and an elevation of 400 feet precluded a chance of scaling them: to launch the boats over the moving pack was their sole chance, and that a poor one, rolling and upheaving as it was under the influence of wind, tide, and pressure. It is in such an emergency that discipline, and a certainty that each would perform unflinchingly his duty, as well as the innate good qualities of our noble seamen, are best exhibited. Dastards would in such circumstances have deserted their ship; but the Investigators were made of different stuff; they knew too that One who is 'strong to save' was watching over them, and they eyed the bleak cliffs, which in a few minutes might be frowning over their graves, with the calm courage of resolute men. A finer picture than such a scene presented can hardly be imagined, and it was one repeatedly exhibited during this wonderful voyage; but it would be an almost hopeless attempt to convey to the reader—by mere description—an adequate idea either of the scenery so replete with the grim terrors of the polar regions or of the moral grandeur of self-devotion in the officers and men. "It looks a bad job this time!" inquiringly remarked one of the sailors as he assisted another old sea-dog in coiling down neatly a frozen hawser. "Yes!" was the rejoinder, as the other shaded his eyes from the driving snow, and cast a glance at the dark cliff looming through the storm, "the old craft will double up like an old basket when she gets alongside of them rocks?"

But the Investigator was reserved for even greater trials. While she was frozen in, Capt. McClure made an expedition across the ice to the head of the Prince of Wales' Channel, and ascended a hill 600 feet above the sea level. As the sun rose the coast of Banks Land was seen bounded by the frozen waters of Barrow's Strait; and the North-west passage was discovered. All doubt as to a water communication between the two great oceans was now at an end. But the task of navigating the Investigator into Barrow's Strait was beset with difficulties; and although at one time during the ensuing summer the ship was within the tantalizing distance of 25 miles of the open water, it was found impossible to pierce the neck of ice. Under these circumstances Capt. McClure determined on endeavouring to reach Barrow's Strait by passing round the south extremity of Banks Land. We must refer to Capt. McClure's narrative for an account of the extraordinary perils encountered during this navigation, which was so far successful that the Investigator was carried into Barrow's Strait to the north of Banks Land. On the 23rd of September, 1851, she terminated her achievements by being hauled into winter quarters in Mercy Bay. Here she remained during 1852; for although the party were cheered early in August by motion amongst the ice-floes and glimpses of open water to the east, on the 24th of that month winter again appeared, and all hopes of escape in the ship were at an end. During the past twelve months the crew had been living on two-thirds of their allowance; yet, says Capt. McClure, when the winter of 1852-3 set in, "we were ready to combat its rigours as cheerfully as on previous occasions." During their confinement, the extraordinary and unexpected supply of game—their manna, as Capt. McClure observes—was of great benefit in a sanitary point of view.

"The herds of deer and troops of hares which were daily reported seemed perfectly marvellous to those who had hitherto believed that little if any animal life existed so far north. The above-mentioned animals, as well as the ptarmigan, never, in fact, left the neighbourhood of Mercy Bay even in the depth of winter; and it was only the cold and darkness which prevented their being shot at that season. It would take a volume to describe the novel and interesting habits of these animals, as observed by those who sojourned in Mercy Bay.

Pressed by the requirements of such a climate, the instincts of all animals seem more acute than those of similar creatures placed in more favoured climes. They were watchful and wary to a surprising degree; and as they were protected by the open nature of the country, the sportsmen could not always get even within rifle distance of the deer, although they probably had never seen a human being before, whilst, strangely enough, these herds appeared to entertain no fear of the half dozen wolves which always lay round them, ready to cut off a straggler, or pick up a giddy fawn. The arctic reindeer at this season congregate in large promiscuous herds of bucks, does, and fawns, probably for warmth and protection; and, strangely enough, the hares do so likewise. Some troops of the latter were seen, numbering 150 at least; and the roads made by the march of their numbers through the snow were beaten as hard as ice. I am not aware that this herding of hares, or the fact of the female bearing six or seven young at a litter, has been before noticed."

Notwithstanding these resources, the winter of 1852 was felt with more than usual severity, and painful forebodings for the future occupied their thoughts; but just when the first death of one of their companions cast additional gloom on their prospects, relief arrived. That they were rescued by Capt. Kellett is generally known; but the details are full of interest and read like a romance.

In conclusion, while commending Capt. Osborn for the admirable manner in which he has discharged his editorial duties, we wish that he had allowed Capt. McClure to speak a little more frequently. The passages from his Journal with which we are favoured, make us desirous to be better acquainted with the personal remarks of this gallant officer, who has won a proud position among Arctic heroes for his zeal, energy, and, above all, patient endurance during long seasons of great trial.

Craigcrook Castle. By Gerald Massey. Bogue.

In the 'War Waits' of Mr. Gerald Massey an obvious improvement, in mastery and art, on his 'Babe Christabel' was remarked. In many points, the volume before us will be found better still. Be the reader as Augustan in his requirements as those who are unreconciled to Wordsworth, Shelley, Keats (and such readers of poetry still exist),—be he as transcendental as that American sage who the other day arraigned English poets, old and young, from Chaucer to Tennyson, "as having no fancy, never being surprised into a covert or witty word" (*quære*, because they are intelligible?),—he will hardly deny the author of 'Craigcrook Castle' his letters of enrolment among the Poets,—seeing that with him the light has not died out after the first flash, and that the spring, it is obvious, flows freely. There are "single-lyric" minstrels as well as "single-speech" orators,—but Mr. Massey is not one of the company.—What there is yet for him to do is, not so much to polish as to select. His new book is a book of the time, inasmuch as some of its highest strains have been inspired by the war from which we have just issued, our poet thinks, ingloriously; it is a page, too, from the book of his own life,—a page steeped in the real tears of a great sorrow: the sorrow of a father weeping for a child, and "who will not be comforted." But it is not against the choice of either theme military or theme domestic that we remonstrate. In both we hear the earnest, sad, passionate voice which would constrain us to stop and listen,—were the years ever so gay,—were our own hearts ever so ignorant of yearnings for those who will come no more. But the framework in which these things are set has been carelessly or infelicitously contrived,—at least, if we are to accept our author's permission to read 'Craigcrook Castle' as a con-

tinuous poem. The connexion of the author's "perfect day" with the broken, stirring, angry War pictures of siege and suffering, and with a parent's bitter, yet holy, tears over a child's grave, is awkwardly wrought out. The Poet's musings in and about Craigcrook Castle close with a richly-coloured evening picture.—

Now Sunset burns. A sea of gold on fire
Serenely surges around purple isles:
O'er billows and flame-furrows Day goes down.
Far-watching clouds with ruby glimmer bloom:
A scattered crowd, that on its face still wears
The splendid light and life of some brave show.
Dews swarm upon the flowers like silent bees,
And quiet fire-flies glitter in the grass.
Hush! woods grow solemn dark; the blue peaks fade;
Weird mists rise white, and gracious Twilight comes.
Sweet is the mystery of her loveliness;
And all things feel her dim divinity.

—Companions and guests have been sketched, and after sunset,—

"Now for a rouse within the house, and there
Shake off the purple sadness of the night,"
Cried one: "Come let us a Symposium hold,
And each one to the banquet bring their best
In song or story; all shall play a part."

The first contribution to the "Symposium" is 'The Mother's Idol broken,'—a series of death-poems, which no mother will read without tears. Surely, there can hardly be worse sacrilege than bringing forth the funeral urns from the sanctuary of Sorrow to figure at the feast,—though the feast be not an impious one. We will not conceive Mr. Massey, in so doing, untrue to his own deep and real feelings so much as thoughtless and bewildered by the example of those whom he does well to honour, but whom he will do very ill to imitate. This binding up as a whole his fugitive thoughts and discrepant emotions and bright fragments is a fashion of the moment, on the increase. As a fashion, not an inevitable development of Art, it is to be deprecated. The breaks, gaps, chasms in 'The Princess' and in 'Maud' may pass in the case of one accepted artist without reckoning. Mr. Tennyson might be less than he is, possibly, if not freakish and fantastic,—were he not licensed to play when he is in earnest, and to be earnest when he bids us play with him. But let the Laureate's way of working once become the rule,—and allure others to follow it,—and the fruits of such rule, whether it be followed by servile obedience or adopted by unconscious sympathy, are not and cannot come to good.

Mr. Massey, too, has yet to learn selection in language, no less than in form, if he will make the progress which we have a right to require from him. Such lines as those marked below in italics are inadmissible.—

Young Earth putteth forth the lovely things
She hath been dreaming through long winter nights;
Taking the May-tide in a golden swim,
Her blithe heart singing for the flooding cheer.

What means such verbiage as the following?—

In the green quiet of a neighbouring knoll
There sat and sang a beauteous company;
Surging a soul-ache of deliciousness.

What can be worse in its eccentricity than this?—

"Around me rose the phantoms of the dark,
The Grave's Somnambules troubled in their dream,
Who walk and wander in the sleep of Death,
And cannot rest, they were so wronged in life.
The crownless Martyrs of the marriage ring!
Meek sufferers who walk in living hell,
And died a life of spiritual torture.

The above examples will make clear to Mr. Massey of what discipline we conceive him yet to stand in need. Let us turn to the pleasanter task of showing that the plainness of our counsel is in proportion to the value of him to whom it is offered. How pictorial are such lines as these from 'Craigcrook Castle'!—

The path runs down and peeps out in the lane
That loiters on by fields of wheat and bean,
Till the white-gleaming road winds city-ward.
Afar, in floods of sunning blinding white,
The City lieth in its quiet pride.
With castled crown, looking on Towns and Shires,
And Hills from which cloud-highlands climb the heavens.

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same poem, as full of Midsummer music as Coleridge's 'Inscription for a Fountain on a Heath':—

A summer soul is in the Limes; they stand
Low murmuring honied things that wing forth Bees;
Their busy whisperings done, the Plane-trees hush!
But lo, a warm wind winnowing odour-rain
Goes breathing by.

If we exchange these genial open-air pictures for the house darkened by sorrow, we shall find the music of the song grow truer, deeper, and more impassioned. There are few more touching revelations of Bereavement than the following:—

O ye who say, "We have a Child in heaven;"
Who have felt that desolate isolation sharp
Defined in Death's own face; who have stood beside
The Silent River, and stretcht out pleading hands
For some sweet Babe upon the other bank,
That went forth where no human hand might lead,
And left the shut house with no light, no sound,
No answer, when the mourners wail without!
What we have known, ye know, and only know.

The mornings came, with glory-garland on,
To deck heaven's azure tent with hangings brave;
Birds, brooks, and bees, were singing in the sun,
Earth's blithe heart breathing bloom into her face,
The flowers all crowding up like Memories
Of lovelier life in some forgotten world,
Or dreams of peace and beauty yet to come.
The soft south-breezes rockt the baby-buds
In fondling arms upon a balmy breast;
And all was gay as universal life
Swam down the stream that glads the City of God.
But we lay dark where Death had struck us down
With that stern blow which made us bleed within,
And bow while the Inevitable went by.

And there our Darling lay in coffin'd calm;
Dressed for the grave in raiment like the snow,
And o'er her flow'd the white, eternal peace:
The breathing miracle into silence passed:
Never to stretch we hands, with her dear smile
As soft as light-fall on unfolding flowers;
Never to wake us crying in the night:
Our little hindering thing for ever gone,
In tearful quiet now we might toil on,
All dim the living lustres motion makes!
No life-dew in the sweet cups of her eyes!

This, again, though less perfect, and very painful, is full of true feeling:—

To-day, when winds of winter blow,
And Nature sits in dream of snow,
With Ugolino-look of woe;

Wife from the window came to me,
Now leaves were fallen she could see
The little grave thro' shred elm-tree.

With wintriness all life did ache
For that dead darling's sainted sake;
And lips might kiss, but hearts would quake

Ho, ye who pass her narrow house,
By which the dark Lethæan-sea flows;
O clasp your pretty darlings close;

And if some tender bud of light
Is drooping, as the snowdrop white,
With looks that weird wild heartstrings smite;

Think of our babe will never wake,
And fold your own till fond hearts ache,
Sweet souls, for little Marian's sake.

It is not impossible but that 'Lady Laura,' a love-story according to the new fashion,—which forms another division of Mr. Massey's volume,—may have been meant for its principal feature. It has been wrought with the most care; yet (not forgetting what has been said) we like it the least of any portion of the new volume: for it is the least natural. It is impossible while reading the tale of the lovely lady and the lowly working-man, "her equal and much more," whom she wedded, not to be reminded, by a hundred turns and changes, of other poets,—impossible to forget how Mrs. Browning gave utterance to the cry of the Factory Children,—how the Author of 'Locksley Hall' looked from a distance towards London-of-the-many-sins-and-many-struggles. But here is a verse of a love-lyric, too sweet to be passed by:—

We cannot lift the wintry pall
From buried life; nor bring
Back, with Love's passionate thinking, all
The glory of the Spring.
But soft along the old green way
We feel her breath of gold;
Her radiant vesture ripples gay,—
She comes! and all is told.

In the division of poems called 'Glimpses of the War' will be found not a few fiery stanzas

and noble lines. As a specimen of the former, take the following:—

Our old War-banners on the wind
Were dancing merrily o'er them;
Our half world hush with hope behind—
The sullen Foe before them!
They trod their march of battle, bold
As death-devoted freemen;
Like those Three Hundred Greeks of old,
Or Rome's immortal Three Men.
Ah, Victory! joyful Victory!
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow;
But, O! for such an hour with thee,
Who could not die to-morrow?

With towering heart and lightsome feet
They went to their high places;
The fiery valour at white heat
Was flashing in their faces!
Magnificent in battle-robe,
And radiant, as from star-lands,
That spirit shone which girds our globe
With glory, as with garlands!
Ah, Victory! joyful Victory!
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow;
But, O! for such an hour with thee,
Who could not die to-morrow?

Brave hearts, with noble feeling flush'd,
In ripe and ruddy riot
But Yesterday! how are ye hush'd
Beneath the smile of Quiet!
For us they pour'd their blood like wine,
From life's ripe-gather'd clusters;
And far thro' History's night shall shine
Their deeds with starry lustres.

Ah, Victory! joyful Victory!
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow;
But, O! for such an hour with thee,
Who could not die to-morrow?
We laid them not in Churchyard home,
Beneath our darling daisies;
But to their rude mounds Love will come,
And sit, and sing their praises.
And soothly sweet shall be their rest
Where Victory's hands have crown'd them;
To Earth our Mother's bosom prest,
And Heaven's arms around them.
Ah, Victory! joyful Victory!
Like Love, thou bringest sorrow;
But, O! for such an hour with thee,
Who could not die to-morrow?

The second of the two following lines marks the presence of the poet as surely as "the print of a man's foot on the sand" announced a neighbour to break up the security of *Robinson Crusoe*.—

O wily are the Russians, and they came to their wild work—
Their feet all shot for silence in the best blood of the Turk!

And here is a dirge with a music in its wail which reminds us of some wild national *keen* or *coronach*.—

Sitting in her sorrow lone,
Still our Mother makes her moan
For the Lost; and to the Martyrs' Hill our thoughts in mourning go:
O, that desert of the Dead,
Who lay down in their death-bed,
With their winding-sheet and wreath of winter snow!

Into glory had they rode
When the tide of triumph flow'd,
Not a tear would we shed for the heroes lying low,
But our hearts break for the Dead,
In their desolate death-bed,
With their winding-sheet and wreath of winter snow.

Praying breath rose white in air,
Eyes were set in a stern stare,
Hands were stretcht for help that came not as they sank in silence low:
Our grand, our gracious Dead,
Who lay down in their death-bed,
With their winding-sheet and wreath of winter snow.

Now the winter snows are gone,
And Earth smiles as though the Dawn
Had come up from it in Flowers—such a light of grace doth glow
All about our darkened Dead,
Who lay down in their death-bed,
With their winding-sheet and wreath of winter snow.

But, never, never more,
Comes the Spring that will restore
To their own love, their own land, the dear ones lying low
On the Martyrs' Hill, our Dead
Who lay down in their death-bed,
With their winding-sheet and wreath of winter snow.

Many more lines, entire verses, and short poems,—some ripe in beauty, some rich in promise,—could be cited from this volume; but the above will lead many readers to read it, and justify the enjoyment and the hope we have found in the appearance of one so full of some of Poetry's most gracious gifts.—We trust that Mr. Massey will at no distant period redeem

the promise which closes the Dedication to this volume, by treating some grave or graceful subject, as a whole, to use his own words, with "a touch more certain, and a larger reach, upon a harp of tenser strings."

The Eighteenth Century; or, Illustrations of the Manners and Customs of our Grandfathers.
By Alexander Andrews. Chapman & Hall.

SINCE *Sylvanus Urban*, two or three years back, concluded one of his half-annual divisions with a retrospect of 'A Hundred Years Ago,' articles having the same object in view have abounded in various periodicals,—and here we have the idea carried out to the extent of a volume. Had this book been based entirely on original reading, or contained information which had not hitherto appeared in print, it might have been a more welcome volume to the student of social history. As it is, that indefinite person, the "general reader," may find amusement in it; but that individual must make up his mind to meet with many an old story culled from the 'Annual Register,' London Magazines, and miscellanies edited by Mr. Charles Knight. The compiler starts with a conviction that he is about to execute a feat out of the common way, but ere he comes to a close he more modestly confesses that he has simply gathered material, which he submits to the inspection of those who may care to look at it. He hints an apology for not being often philosophical; but from the specimens he gives us of his quality in this respect, we are inclined to feel grateful for his restraint. It is much the same with respect to his humour, of which he seems, very properly, to suppose that a few samples will be sufficient. Mr. Andrews thinks that "Fashion" will soon be driven from all its ordinary places of resort by "Trade." "What will be the result," he adds, "of this cruel persecution, we know not, but may expect the fashionable world will have to take refuge in the Arctic Regions, where it will be certainly ice-elated enough, and whence it can send its fashions in 'furs and other novelties of the winter-season' by the returning whale-ships." This, and a notice that in *Moorfields* are fewer fields than ever, are samples of the author's wit.

For a man who thinks the pressing of seamen a "necessary," although, as he admits, an "arbitrary" system, Mr. Andrews shows some timid delicacy of speech. For instance, here is the comment on one of *Pye's* laureate Odes:—

"Making every allowance for poetic licence, it must be admitted that all this was gross exaggeration, or enthusiasm run mad. Sympathise with the royal sufferer and his afflicted family no doubt every one of feeling did, but one would think, from Mr. *Pye's* verses, that the whole nation was bowed down with the most intense grief, and completely unfitted for its ordinary every-day avocations. As a lady of the court said to a jealous rival, who had called her by a name we do not choose to repeat, although a lady of the family name is now lying on our slipper, 'Your language is very figurative.' Very figurative, indeed, Mr. *Pye*!"

We fear, too, that Mr. Andrews would make but an indifferent theatrical critic. In allusion to the stage of the last century, he says—"If we had Garricks, Bettertons, Macklins, Riches, Quins, Footes, Booths, and a host of clever delineators to act the English drama, what splendid geniuses wrote it!" And after this burst, we find enumerated among the names of the splendid geniuses who wrote it—viz., the English drama,—heavy "Hawkesworth," complacent "Hill," nonsensical "O'Keefe," offensively-didactic "Hannah More," forgotten "Motteux," dull and pedantic "Whitehead," absurd "Holcroft," "Dodsley" of whom we never heard as having written "it," "Cobb" of the "wretched farces," and "Kelly," who would have

laughed heartily at the idea of his ever being ranked among splendid geniuses. We like as little as Mr. Andrews does "the modern French trumpery which is hashed up for the stage," but we cannot help thinking that 'Bertrand et Raton,' for instance, may stand competition with Cobb's 'First Floor.'

The above is one of the compiler's errors of taste. Here is a sample of his errors of time. Among his lottery illustrations of the eighteenth century, he tells us that "the anxious speculator long wavered in doubt and hesitation, till a bill is, perchance, thrust into his hand, with some doggerel song, ending in such a chorus as—

For oh! 'tis Bish, 'tis Bish, 'tis BISH,
Who sends the cash around;
I only wish a friend in Bish,
And thirty thousand pound!"

As Vernet, Odry, Legrand, Mdle. Flore, and the rest of the joyous company in the *Marchande des Goujons*, had not commenced the popular round of 'C'est l'Amour' till the year 1821, we cannot well comprehend how the above parody on it could have been tacked to the lottery-bills of the previous century.

Mr. Andrews has been most industrious among the newspaper paragraphs referring to the road, the drivers, the travellers, and the despoilers thereon, of the last century. The implied chuckle at our superior safety and refinement is, however, a little premature. What a volume may be written in the next century of the cruelties and crimes of this! We have not our highway robbers (who, after all, were ordinarily but sneaking, awkward fellows in presence of opposition,—even Turpin shot his "mate" instead of the traveller); but we have the *garotte* assassins at our very hall-doors. Notting Hill has not its mounted thieves, but its parlours shake with terror at the pertinacious burglar. The company of gentlemen who took chocolate in town, ere they rode for the night to their respective heaths, to relieve travellers of their purses, has, indeed, been broken up; but then we have pious confederacies of bankers who spread wider desolation than ever sprang from Bagshot, Hounslow, Epping, Barnet, or Shooter's Hill. The highwaymen of the olden time rifled your pockets, the modern fraudulent banker carries off your entire possessions. The latter, with admirable phrases on his lips, beggars women and children,—his more gallant predecessors always returned their watches to the ladies, and generally had sweet-meats or sweet words for the little ones. Altogether, we have more respect for the man who set his life against your own, when he demanded your purse to your very face, than for him who quotes the Prophets and Revelations while he is plundering the widow and the orphan. But these are speculations which may be made by our readers at their leisure: we will conclude with one or two examples of the taste exhibited by Mr. Andrews, in compilation. It is not long since we addressed our readers on the life and character of Bolingbroke. Here is a portrait of that fine gentleman, which is "cut out" from some other artist's canvas:—

"He was dressed in the extremity of fashion, and wore a light blue velvet coat, with immense cuffs, richly embroidered with silver; amber-coloured stockings; crimson leather shoes, fastened with diamond buckles, and a diamond-hilted sword, with a long silken tassel dangling from the handle. His cravat was of point-lace, and his hands were almost hidden by exaggerated ruffles of the same material; his hat was laced with silver, and feathered at the edges, and he wore his own brown hair in ringlets of some eighteen or twenty inches in length, tied behind with a long streaming ribbon ('red ribbon,' says Mr. Ainsworth, in his 'St. James's,' and adds, 'a mode which he himself had introduced'); his handkerchief, which he carried in his hand, was strongly per-

fumed, and he diffused an odour around him as he walked, as if he had just risen from a bath of roses."

So much for the fine gentleman. The following, from the *Grub Street Journal*, shows what perils were incurred by young ladies of the last century.—

"Since Midsummer last, a young lady of birth and fortune was deluded and forced from her friends, and, by the assistance of a wry-necked swearing parson, married to an atheistical wretch, whose life is a constant practice of vice and debauchery. And, since the ruin of my relation, another lady of my acquaintance had like to have been trepanned in the following manner:—The lady had appointed to meet a gentlewoman at the old playhouse in Drury-lane, but extraordinary business prevented her coming. Being alone, when the play was over, she bade a boy call a coach for the City. One dressed like a gentleman helps her into it and jumps in after her.—'Madame,' says he, 'this coach was called for me, and, since the weather is so bad, and there is no other, I beg leave to bear you company. I am going into the City, and will set you down wherever you please.' The lady begged to be excused, but he bade the coachman drive on. Being come to Ludgate-hill, he told her his sister, who waited his coming but five doors up the court, would go with her in two minutes. He went and returned with his pretended sister, who asked her to step in but one minute, and she would wait upon her in the coach. The poor lady foolishly followed her into the house, when instantly the sister vanished, and a tawny fellow in a black coat and a black wig appeared. 'Madam, you are come in good time: the doctor was just a-going.'—'The doctor!' says she, horribly frightened, fearing it was a madhouse; 'what has the doctor to do with me?'—'To marry you to that gentleman; the doctor has waited for you these three hours, and will be paid by you or that gentleman before you go.'—'That gentleman,' says she, recovering herself, 'is worthy a better fortune than mine,' and begged hard to be gone. But Dr. Ryneck swore she should be married, or if she would not, he would still have his fee, and register the marriage from that night. The lady finding she could not escape without money or a pledge, told them she liked the gentleman so well she would certainly meet him to-morrow night, and gave them a ring as a pledge, 'which,' says she, 'was my mother's gift on her deathbed, enjoining that, if ever I married, it should be my wedding-ring.' By which cunning contrivance she was delivered from the black doctor and his tawny crew."

We cite the following for the sake of the difference therein stated of the rate of travelling on different roads. It will be seen, that while two days were taken to travel to Brighton, the journey to Dover was accomplished in a single day.—

"In 1740, an apparition appeared upon the road by night in the shape of a night-coach; but the desperate enterprise seems to have been but little favoured at first, and, as late as the 8th of March, 1774, we find a post-coach started 'to go from the Rose and Crown, in St. John's-street, London; to run every Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday; putting up, first day at Grantham, second day at York, and third day at Newcastle; to carry six inside and two out; the journey performed by nineteen proprietors on the line of road. And, in 1760, the passengers to Brighton were detained for the night at East Grinstead (thirty miles from London), where the coach put up, arriving at Brighton in the afternoon of the day after its departure from town. In 1760, a coach started from London for Liverpool once a week, and accomplished the journey in four days; and, in 1765, a 'flying-coach' ran to Dover in one day. This prodigy was drawn by eight horses. But even the Dover machines, with six horses, excited a sort of awe at this period by their speed. A French traveller, a Mr. Grosley, who travelled by one of them to London, says of them, 'They are drawn by six horses, go twenty-eight leagues a day, from Dover to London, for a single guinea. Servants are entitled to a place for half that money, either behind the coach or upon the coach-box, which has three places.'"

One more passage will show us what the

suburbs of London were like some seventy and odd years ago.—

"In 1780, we find from a 'History of the Parish of Clerkenwell,' that 'it was customary for travellers coming to town to remain all night at the Angel, at Islington, rather than push forward in the dark, as the road was bad and infested by robbers.' And further, 'Persons walking from the City to Islington, in the evening, waited near the end of St. John's-street, until a sufficient party had collected, who were then escorted by an armed patrol appointed for that purpose.' We have already stated that the proprietors of Marybone and Ranelagh Gardens advertised 'a suitable guard stationed upon the road; that the stage-coaches were notified to be 'well guarded;' and that, in 1729, passengers, even through the streets of London, preferred walking to riding in a hackney-coach, 'on account that they are in a readier posture to defend themselves, or call out for aid if attacked.' We may add to these statements two notices issued by the proprietors of Sadler's Wells in 1783, as instances of the feeling of insecurity under which people must have laboured even in the suburbs. A programme of the entertainments winds up thus: 'A horse patrol will be sent in the New-road, that night, for the protection of the nobility and gentry who go from the squares and that end of the town. The road also towards the City will be properly guarded.'"

It is not much more than thirty years ago, when the Coburg Theatre stood more isolated than it does now, that assurance was made, at the foot of the play-bills, of the roads from that theatre being also properly guarded. Since that time a vast population has sprung up in this vicinity, through which, we believe, it is far more perilous to pass than when the road to town was desolate and ill lighted. Similar contrasts have not been taken into account by Mr. Andrews, when speaking of the past. He has been content to string incidents together, and he lets his readers make out of them what they can. His book is not void either of instruction or amusement; but he might have effected much more with such materials.

Hungary: its Genius and its Mission.—[*La Hongrie: son Génie et sa Mission*]. A Historical Study. To which is added, *Jean de Hunyad: a Narrative of the Fifteenth Century*. By Charles Louis Chassin. Paris, Garnier-Frères.

M. C. L. Chassin is, to all appearance, a devotee of the Hungarian national cause. He has divided his book into two distinct parts. The first is designed as an historical and philosophical study on the national character and tendencies of the Hungarian people, based on a threefold theory which M. Chassin has undertaken to develop. He claims for Hungary a natural genius for religious liberty—an inherent affinity with the form and spirit of constitutional freedom—a perpetual readiness to combat for these principles, at whatever sacrifice, and against whatever forces. As illustrations, he cites the resistance, early begun and long continued, against the theocratic pretensions of the Church of Rome,—the independence asserted by the Hungarian Church,—its sympathy with the efforts of Luther and Calvin,—the institutions of St. Etienne, based on electoral rights,—the undying opposition offered to Austrian encroachments,—the love of the Magyars for a pure and free nationality,—the war against the Turks in one age, the alliance with them in another. This series of points and pictures, presented in elucidation of the main idea, conduces to a biography of Jean de Hunyad, "the most illustrious name in Hungarian history." The record of his prowess, and of his virtues, of his Christian crusades against the Ottoman power, of his earlier conflicts with Austria, is designed "to recall to forgetful Europe how she

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was once guarded and saved by the fiery chivalry of the Magyars."

In the treatment of his general and special theme, M. Chassia has adopted a style of intense hyperbole. His ardour is like the sirocco, and instead of kindling events and men to life, withers and burns them. He wreathes a festoon of epithets around every name,—paints a chieftain or a mountain range with the same breadth of expression,—writes of Jean de Hunyad as though he were writing of the sun,—aims neither at pause nor contrast, and seeks to rear Hungary upon an historical Caucasus, as though Europe had no hope save in the Hungarian nation. The best friends of the Hungarian cause must deny this to be the most judicious method of recommending it to the sober mind of the West. To justify our objection, it is only necessary to translate one passage, referring to a past epoch, but, taken with the context, intended obviously as an illustration of the present. It describes the position of Europe after the Turks, subverting the empire of Palæologos, had prepared from the port of Byzantium to sweep the seas and coasts of Europe.—

What nation is prepared to defend the common cause?—Italy? Crowned with the resplendent diadem of art and poetry, Italy is not a nation, but an amalgam of a thousand elements,—theocracies, republics, monarchies, principalities, democracies, fighting, enfeebling, destroying one another; a beautiful blue mantle powdered with golden spangles, and spread over a bloody morass. Nothing here to form the barrier of the West.—Germany? Its emperor is but an Austrian without authority, greatness, or courage,—engaged alone in replenishing his empty coffers, and marrying to advantage the beggarly princes of his family. His ancient dominion is but a chaos; princes, dukes, marquises, palatines, electors, and barons absorbed in mutual jealousies; the citizens resenting the oppressions of the nobles; serfdom beginning to light its avenging fires; a hundred heterogeneous governments; a hundred conflicting interests and ideas; no union, no power, only non-entity.—And Spain? There are yet Moors in Granada, and in the four kingdoms of Aragon, Castile, Portugal, and Navarre. Spain is as yet unborn; she will hereafter appear.—And England? and France? These two powerful nations are wasted one by the other: a secular war has drunk their noble blood. Now, the last battalions of England are returning homewards vanquished, and the graceful Charles the Seventh—a restored king, thanks to Jeanne—is re-entering his fair city of Paris. Now the two Roses of York and Lancaster are appearing as the symbols of civil war. Now appear Charles the Bold, and Louis the Leveller. Nothing to hope from England, so valiant at the Crusades! nothing to hope from France, devoted protector of the oppressed!—Then, Poland? Poland, governed by the indolent Casimir the Fourth, is in every direction distracted; now by her turbulent nobles, now by the ravaging Tartars, now by the disaffected Lithuanians, now by the Russian chivalry, now by the odious Teutons. Poland will not renew the disastrous enterprise of Varna. Europe, then, may groan, for it is incapable of fighting. But there remains a nation, perhaps the least,—Hungary. Already a century of battles, and two tremendous defeats, have opened her frontier to an invading power. German intrigues and civil broils have wasted three-fourths of her strength. Nevertheless, in the name of Europe, Hungary must avenge herself. And she will avenge herself. Hungary is the barrier of Christianity. She will give her life for a ransom. Dead, she will be forgotten, no doubt. She will sacrifice herself, and save Europe, apathetic and ungrateful. The Hungarian nation is heroic. Heroes do not reason, they act!

The entire volume is composed in a style of which the foregoing extract is not an unfavourable specimen. Historical matter of considerable interest is, however, interspersed largely with this declamation.

Men and Times of the Revolution; or, Memoirs of Elkanah Watson, including Journals of Travels in Europe and America, from 1777 to 1842, with his Correspondence with Public Men and Reminiscences and Incidents of the Revolution. Edited by his Son, Winslow C. Watson. New York, Dana & Co.; London, Low & Co.

Mr. Watson was a descendant, on his mother's side, of one of the Pilgrim fathers, and from the age of nineteen till he had passed fourscore years, he kept a journal. The dates named in the above title will show during what an eventful period the author made his commentaries. Mr. Watson, naturally enough, writes in the spirit of an American patriot; and his prejudices are not only uncommonly strong, they not only bandage his sight, but he loves to draw the bandage tighter, lest he should see what he would not care to acknowledge. This, however, does not take away from the interest or value of the book,—it is a necessary characteristic of it. Mr. Watson, in short, was an ardent, honest man, who, having formed his opinions, stuck to them upon principle, and, having early learnt to hate England, could not well get over the feeling when he came among us, after the war, and found we were not savages. The editor expresses his belief that although the influence of his father's New England education is readily discoverable in these pages, it is "revealed without bitterness or intolerance." We cannot flatter Mr. Winslow Watson by allowing this to be the case. Considering, however, the circumstances of Mr. Elkanah Watson's education and early experiences, such bitterness, and even intolerance, are not unnatural. They will offend nobody on this side of the Atlantic; and even the writer's sarcasm at the English aristocracy being "mere creatures of accident," and altogether worthless when contrasted with the "nobility of nature" in the States, we dare say the entire English peerage will contrive to survive, with smiling patience. There is probably not a man among them who wishes ill to America; and the grandfathers of many now in the Upper House wished well to the cause which Mr. Elkanah Watson saw triumphant.

As a school-boy Mr. Watson was trained with the other scholars to the use of arms, and the masters found apt pupils in each class. When the revolutionary war broke out, therefore, he could leave the store for the camp in something better than the condition of a raw recruit. He was early employed in a mission to Carolina; and when he reaches Morristown, New Jersey, he says:—

"I was amused and impressed (being only conversant with the customs of New-England) with the manners and habits I witnessed among this people. Their table customs struck me forcibly. Instead of our elaborate grace before meat, the master of the house, bare-headed, holding his hat before his face, remained for some time in silence. The good woman, instead of the generous New-England supply of sugar, placed a lump near the cup, to be bitten off as occasion required."

In social traits like these the volume abounds. Here are some Virginia incidents which occurred in the lifetime of many persons yet living, and when Lancaster was the largest inland town in America, containing 1,000 houses, and 6,000 inhabitants:—

"We found the country, through a wilderness region, infested by a semi-barbarian population. We liberated an unfortunate traveller assailed by one of these wretches, who, in his technical language, swore he 'would try the strength of his eye-ball strings.' Soon after entering Virginia, and at a highly respectable house, I was shocked, beyond the power of language to express, at seeing, for the first time, young negroes of both sexes, from twelve even to fifteen years old, not only running about the house, but ab-

solutely tending table, as naked as they came into the world, not having even the poor apology of a fig-leaf to save modesty a blush. What made the scene more extraordinary still, to my unpractised eye, was the fact that several young women were at table, who appeared totally unmoved at the scandalous violation of decency. I find custom will reconcile us to almost everything."

At page 60, among the riotous incidents of a Virginian election, Mr. Watson notices "a fight between two very unwieldy fat men, foaming and puffing like two furies, until one succeeding in twisting a forefinger in a side-lock of the other's hair, and in the act of thrusting, by this purchase, his thumb into the latter's eye, he bawled out 'king's cruse,' equivalent in technical language to 'enough.'" Not very long after, Mr. Watson is in London, and attends at the Westminster election in "Covent Garden Square," which had "already lasted several weeks." He remarks that, "instead of the silent dignity that usually characterizes an American election, here all was confusion and conflict, bloody noses and broken heads";—nothing of the unobtrusive grandeur of gouging a man's eyes out, such as he had witnessed in old Virginy. But Mr. Watson is generous to us, in spite of our shortcomings in this and other matters; and, while assuring us that we enjoy neither liberty nor happiness, he intimates that America is the Lamp of the Almighty, lit up to direct—"even the nation of our oppressors,"—to that freedom and felicity, of which the dear, good, old man is positive we possess so little.

But he was then a young patriot, who soon qualified for a citizenship of the world by travel and commercial pursuits in Europe. In France, he found young painted French ladies patting Franklin on the cheek, and calling him "Papa Franklin"; and we find our American traveller describing French provincial dancing as "much like that of the Indians of America, but more animated." On the other hand, the rural French, he says, were uncommonly surprised to see a white American. They supposed all Americans were negroes and savages. All the savages, however, did not come even from America. Here is an individual who looks very like one, although he passed for a civilizer in his day.—

"About this period, the notorious Tom Paine arrived at Nantes, in the Alliance frigate, as Secretary of Colonel Laurens, Minister Extraordinary from Congress, and took up his quarters at my boarding-place. He was coarse and uncouth in his manners, loathsome in his appearance, and a disgusting egotist; rejoicing most in talking of himself, and reading the effusions of his own mind. Yet I could not repress the deepest emotions of gratitude towards him, as the instrument of Providence in accelerating the declaration of our Independence. He certainly was a prominent agent, in preparing the public sentiment of America for that glorious event. The idea of Independence had not occupied the popular mind, and when guardedly approached on the topic, it shrunk from the conception, as fraught with doubt, with peril, and with suffering. In 1776 I was present, at Providence, Rhode Island, in a social assembly of most of the prominent leaders of the State. I recollect that the subject of independence was cautiously introduced by an ardent Whig, and the thought seemed to excite the abhorrence of the whole circle. A few weeks after, Paine's 'Common Sense' appeared, and passed through the continent like an electric spark. It everywhere flashed conviction, and aroused a determined spirit, which resulted in the Declaration of Independence, upon the 4th of July ensuing. The name of Paine was precious to every Whig heart, and had resounded throughout Europe. On his arrival being announced, the Mayor, and some of the most distinguished citizens of Nantes, called upon him to render their homage of respect. I often officiated as interpreter, although humbled and mortified at his filthy appearance, and awkward and unseemly address. Besides,

as he had been roasted alive on his arrival at L'Orient, for the * * * and well basted with brimstone, he was absolutely offensive, and perfumed the whole apartment. He was soon rid of his respectable visitors, who left the room with marks of astonishment and disgust. I took the liberty, on his asking for the loan of a clean shirt, of speaking to him frankly of his dirty appearance and brimstone odour, and prevailed upon him to stew for an hour, in a hot bath. This, however, was not done without much entreaty, and I did not succeed, until, receiving a file of English newspapers, I promised, after he was in the bath, he should have the reading of them, and not before. He at once consented, and accompanied me to the bath, where I instructed the keeper in French (which Paine did not understand) to gradually increase the heat of the water, until 'le Monsieur était bien bouilli.' He became so much absorbed in his reading that he was nearly boiled before leaving the bath, much to his improvement and my satisfaction."

Mr. Watson, before the peace with America, landed in England. He had some misgivings as to his perils; but instead of being molested, he was very courteously received in what he calls "the land of our rancorous foe and imperious tyrants": "still," he adds, with a softening touch, "it was the land of our forefathers." "To my astonishment," he says, "I really felt myself as if in the midst of my rebel friends in America." Dukes and Earls received him with cordiality,—nevertheless, such persons are only "noblemen by inheritance." One of these noblemen by inheritance took him to the House of Lords, on the 5th of December, 1782, to hear George the Third make acknowledgment of the Independence of America. He thus describes the solemn scene, without any true feeling for the condition of the monarch, and with the chuckling remark, that there were "some dejected American Royalists" among the audience.—

"I was near the King, and watched, with intense interest, every tone of his voice, and every emotion of his countenance. It was to me a moment of thrilling and dignified exultation. After some general and usual remarks, he continued:—"I lost no time in giving the necessary orders to prohibit the further prosecution of offensive war upon the continent of North America. Adopting, as my inclination will always lead me to do, with decision and effect, whatever I collect to be the sense of my Parliament and my people, I have pointed all my views and measures, in Europe, as in North America, to an entire and cordial reconciliation with the colonies. Finding it indispensable to the attainment of this object, I did not hesitate to go to the full length of the powers vested in me, and offer to declare them."—Here he paused, and was in evident agitation; either embarrassed in reading his speech, by the darkness of the room, or affected by a very natural emotion. In a moment he resumed,—and offer to declare them free and independent States. In thus admitting their separation from the crown of these kingdoms, I have sacrificed every consideration of my own to the wishes and opinions of my people. I make it my humble and ardent prayer to Almighty God, that Great Britain may not feel the evils which might result from so great a dismemberment of the Empire, and that America may be free from the calamities which have formerly proved, in the mother country, how essential monarchy is to the enjoyment of constitutional liberty. Religion, language, interests and affection may, and I hope will, yet prove a bond of permanent union between the two countries."—It is remarked, that George III. is celebrated for reading his speeches in a distinct, free, and impressive manner. On this occasion, he was evidently embarrassed; he hesitated, choked, and executed the painful duties of the occasion, with an ill grace that does not belong to him. I cannot adequately portray my sensations, in the progress of this address; every artery beat high, and swelled with my proud American blood."

With the following glimpse of Mr. Copley, Lord Lyndhurst's father, we close Mr. Watson's pleasant and prejudiced volume:—

"Soon after my arrival in England, having won at the insurance office one hundred guineas, on the event of Lord Howe's relieving Gibraltar, and dining the same day with Copley, the distinguished painter, who was a Bostonian by birth, I determined to devote the sum to a splendid portrait of myself. The painting was finished in most admirable style, except the back-ground, which Copley and myself designed to represent a ship, bearing to America the intelligence of the acknowledgment of Independence, with a sun just rising upon the stripes of the union, streaming from her gaff. All was complete save the flag, which Copley did not esteem prudent to hoist under present circumstances, as his gallery is a constant resort of the royal family and the nobility.—I dined with the artist on the glorious 5th of December, 1782, after listening with him to the speech of the King, formally receiving and recognizing the United States of America into the rank of nations. Previous to dining, and immediately after our return from the House of Lords, he invited me into his studio, and there with a bold hand, a master's touch, and I believe an American heart, attached to the ship the stars and stripes. This was, I imagine, the first American flag hoisted in old England."

The latter portion of the volume has some of the interest of the earlier part,—in which we encounter men of historical dignity, and mingle in scenes to which distance lends the enchantment hinted at by the poet. To the last, however, Mr. Watson is seen an active, honest, and philanthropic man, with an opinion, or a speculation tending that way, that if a wall of division could be placed between the East and the West, Europe would go to putrid decay, and America would be saved from infection and corruption. This will show that though Mr. Watson talks much, he does not see far.

Eritis sicut Deus: an Anonymous Novel—
[*Eritis sicut Deus, &c.*] 3 vols. Second Edition. Hamburg, Agentur des rauhen Hauses; London, Thimm.

THIS anonymous novel is a protest on the part of orthodox Lutheranism against the assumed tendencies of modern speculation in Germany. The antitheses of faith and knowledge are here driven to their utmost antagonism; and the progress of free thought is treated as a gradual emancipation from every moral restraint, and as a ripening of iniquity which inevitably tends by its very accomplishment to its own refutation.

The novel is consequently what would be called in England a religious one; and in so far as it is concerned with theological points steps out of that circle within which the *Athenæum* confines its criticism. But while we decline to follow the author into any of the controversial points raised by him in the great questions between faith and knowledge, we cannot allow a book which has made a considerable sensation in Germany to pass without such notice as it calls for at the tribunal of a merely literary criticism.

The subject-matter of the history is the consequences which flow from the endeavour of the hero, who represents (under the fairest form the author can conceive) the necessary character of an enlightened upholder of the results of modern speculation, to bring the mind of his young and beautiful wife into greater harmony with his own opinions; and the tragic element is wrought out of the conflicts which crush, and ultimately ruin, the intellect of a loving and religious wife, from her necessarily ineffectual efforts to reconcile the belief in a personal God, in which she has been brought up, with her husband's view of a God merely immanent in Nature.

The antagonism of these views has in Germany developed itself with such completeness that the whole intellectual society of the country may be considered as ranged under one or other of these principles.

With us, such a conscious conflict is far from existing, though it cannot have escaped any thoughtful observer that it underlies many a literary tendency, and explains many a moral phenomenon of our time even in England.

It cannot be denied that the Author of '*Eritis sicut Deus*' has considerable insight into the principles of modern speculation, and constantly admits their interior consistency. The task, however, which he has taken upon himself is far beyond his power, and the popularity of his book is to be traced to a skilful working up of every current accusation which has been brought against philosophy in the persons of its professors.

The book is a surprising instance of the weakness which pervades psychological romance, when not treated by the highest masters of the art. One of the rarest phenomena in literature is a romance, in which psychological disquisition is fairly supported by the characters who are made the representatives of the various states of mind under consideration.

This characteristic weakness is more fully exemplified in this work than in any which has ever come under our notice. The progress of events is entirely independent of the progress of thought, and betrays the most singular poverty of invention. The action does not flow out of the character of the actors, but at every fresh crisis of the story new qualities are at once attributed to persons in whom we should least have expected them, that they may be made the basis of a fresh accusation against principles, from which there is no attempt to prove that they directly flow. The author possesses a free rhetorical style and considerable dialectic acuteness; but that moral earnestness which should be the salt of such a work is nowhere to be found.

The use made of the words of Scripture to insinuate depravity in the representatives of modern speculation is one which it is impossible adequately to condemn; crimes which are without a name in the language of every cultivated society are hinted at by quotations from the Bible (see the allusion to Romans i. 24, &c., in the second volume), and the very revelation of which the author presents himself as the champion is made use of to convey ideas familiar to none but the most debased of mankind. There is, likewise, a strange assumption of quasi inspiration running through the whole book, which cannot but be repugnant to any healthy feeling, and stands in glaring contradiction with another feature almost as unfitting in such a place,—we mean that slavish subservency to aristocratic influence which so strongly shows itself in the treatment of the character and conduct of the painter, and in the bald and miserable sequence to the important part he plays in the progress of the heroine's afflictions.

The disquisitions are tedious, the humour null, and the irony without refinement. The book is not without interest to those who concern themselves about the progress of German thought, but would be absolutely incomprehensible to such as are unacquainted with its problems.

The picture which it affords of cultivated life in a German town is one of the most lamentable testimonies which can be given of that general frivolity to which the absence of all public political life condemns a people so intellectual and far-seeing as our German cousins.

OUR LIBRARY TABLE.

Stars and Stripes; or, American Impressions. By Ivan Golovin. (New York, Appleton & Co.; London, Freeman.)—This is the book, in defence of whose title Count Ivan Golovin addressed us a couple of months ago [*ante*, p. 1002]. "The object of it," says the prefatory advertisement, "is

to show that the United States are pursuing a wrong way in their politics and morals, falsely interpreting their destination, and losing sight of the principles which presided at their formation." A grave object,—in furtherance of which M. Golovin dedicated the time betwixt August and May to studying the defects, peculiarities, and inconsistencies of the vast new continent. This volume of three hundred pages is the result. There is no possibility of congratulating so ambitious a traveller, as our author announces himself to be, on having attained his object. Nothing much paler and slighter than these 'Stars and Stripes' has been published in England concerning America. Take, for instance, a page from the Count's experiences of Philadelphia.—"A steamer took me to St. Lawrence Hill—a cemetery worthy of a city like Philadelphia, and where the greatest part of the monuments are of marble. I have discovered here a Square full of squirrels, and I found great pleasure in playing with those animals, the more so as a lady who happened to sit next to me at the dinner-table yesterday, told me that she did not care for French amiability or politeness! In Philadelphia they manufacture the best gigs; the lightness of the wheels is rather surprising. Another point of similarity with Russia are the trotters. But I think that those of Orloff are bigger, finer and run faster. Wisdom and justice presided at the formation of Pennsylvania, but passion and folly overruled them. Even Peter the Great attending to a Quakers' meeting in London said that the people ought to be happy with those principles. The Quakers disliked wealth as a cause of tyranny, but they are now in minority here, and only one church is appropriated to their faith."—A good deal of talk concerning Russia, and a good many compliments to the democratic and social friends in Europe to whom these letters are addressed, give to this book such individuality as it possesses.

Old Memories: a Novel. By Julia Melville. 3 vols. (Newby).—'Old Memories' has evidently been written by a very young hand. There is promise in the book: it is entertaining, in spite of some long-winded dialogue, which the reader consulting his amusement can skip. The story is well told on the whole:—the simplest portions are the best; where the author attempts high flights of emotion she fails signally. All the scenes with the mother are pure and simple nonsense. The story of Nora is not well managed; it should either have been worked out more distinctly, or let alone altogether. Moreover, the heroine does a great deal too much crying and fainting: no young lady aspiring to the "leading business" of a novel can be indulged in more than one "flood of tears" wherewith to relieve exhausted nature, and a single fainting fit of ordinary duration is ample allowance. The best character in the book is Charles Brotherton. Miss Julia Melville's next book, however, will be the test whether she has real ability, or only ephemeral and imitative cleverness.

Self and Self-Sacrifice; or, Nelly's Story. By Anna Lisle. (Groombridge & Sons).—Self is a sad monster, we know—self-sacrifice a divine purpose; but self-sacrifice is not, and (we humbly assume) was not meant to be, self-obliteration. "I like to be persecuted," is the cry, not of a martyr, but of a *Mawworm*. Maceration may be a comfort of its grim kind as compared with unselfish self-assertion. One of the best and truest men that ever lived was never more true than in praising a friend as one who "would not only give, but who would have, some pleasure."—There are some to whom the above will sound as so much rank epicureanism, and who delight to see fiction penetrated with the spirit of asceticism and excitement, which is so singularly prevalent in our society just now. These persons will probably conceive that Nelly, when she stood by and saw the Oscar whom she had contracted to marry, marry her younger sister, did not show a due sense of her privileges by being more happy and thankful on the occasion than she would have been had she not been jilted. She only did her best to hide her passion and misery; and Miss Lisle does only a woman's part by one of her brain-children in the involuntary hints she throws out of a Paladin—long ago rejected by

Nelly—who will re-appear ere the book ends, and make up for the poor girl's sufferings, by giving her, in himself, a far better husband than the worthless fellow she had picked out! The reader will be at a loss to find, in the above sketch, any trace of the "self-sacrifice" prophesied in the title. Nelly's story, though it begins rapidly, among those nursery remembrances which no one remembers, is full of hope, and tears, and trials, and felicity; and Nelly does not scruple to confess that the former were very sharp and that the latter is very comfortable.

The Fairy. Comedy in One Act, in Prose.—[*La Fée*, &c.]. By Octave Feuillet. (Paris, Lévy).—We think it was Mrs. Gore who, in the days when she still wrote capital short romances, before she had addicted herself to the clever May Fair school of novel-making, gave us a "Fairy Tale without a Fairy." Some such legend, we know, there was: and its title would well befit this little piece of sentiment thrown off by M. Feuillet, for the exhibition of Mlle. St-Marc's graces, which we notice, because in these days it is well to commend any French play with a healthy moral. The argument, however, is not wholly new. M. Augier, in his maiden effort, '*La Cigüe*,' showed how a man so tired of life and its vanities as to meditate self-destruction was weaned from his dark purpose by the magic of human love; but M. Augier's lesson was conveyed sarcastically rather than sentimentally. His figures were set, too, in a bright and beautiful Greek framework, and not among the grim Gothic surroundings which Breton superstition furnishes.—M. Feuillet has mingled some remorse with his hero's satiety. His mother desired to marry him to a girl personally unknown to him; in avoidance of this project, he kept aloof from the family house, and thus his mother died without blessing him. Hence his resolution to destroy himself,—partly in disgust with life, partly in expiation of his involuntary fault. An anonymous letter lures him into a fairy-haunted district in Brittany,—thus enticing him to postpone the fatal hour. When he arrives there, a wonderful elderly lady, with grey hair, in a dreary old château, with a servant who seems to be some hundreds of years old, so manages to mystify, occupy, and interest him, as to prove herself the redeeming fairy. She reconciles him with life, with duty, with suffering, and, of course, with the stranger bride, whom (like the hero of '*Love in a Village*,') he had avoided only to meet her in disguise. The gradual rejuvenescence of the old fairy, as the play is played out, is, we suppose, the temptation to the actress; and it may be fancied as pretty and effective on the stage, provided the credulity of the audience has been once engaged in the story.

Among the publications of learned bodies, we have to note the appearance of Vol. VIII. of the *Transactions of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire*,—and the *Proceedings of the Royal Irish Academy for the Year 1855-56*, forming a third part of Vol. VI.—In connexion with corporate interests of another kind, we have *An Address to the Shareholders of the Unity General Assurance Association*, by Mr. T. H. Baylis, — a similar *Address* by Dr. Edward Lloyd, — and *Minutes of Proceedings of the Extraordinary General Meeting of the Unity General Assurance Association, September 11th, 1856*.—*The Report of the Twenty-fourth Annual Meeting of the Literary Association of the Friends of Poland*.—*The Twenty-ninth Annual Report of the Directors of James Murray's Royal Asylum for Lunatics*.—*The Thirty-seventh Annual Report of the Royal Institution of Cornwall*.—and *The Report of the Sheffield Committee on Juvenile Punishments and Reformatories*, also lie on our table.—To the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere has been addressed a memorial on *Canada West and the Hudson's Bay Company*,—to the Right Hon. R. Vernon Smith, a *Letter*, on Public Works in India, by John Bourne,—to a Member of the Royal Geographical Society, some *Suggestions for a Medal to record the Discovery of the North-West Passage*, by Richard Sainthill,—and to "those who have insured their lives," a *Letter on The Present Extraordinary Movement of the Precious Metals, and on the Necessity and Possibility of Protecting their Property against the Effects of the*

Continued Production of Gold, by J. Maclaren.—*Two Addresses to the Inhabitants of Lancing, Surrey, on Friendly Societies*, by W. White, Jun., belong to a similar category.—On religious topics, we have *Ten Letters on the Sabbath Question*, by A. B. Clifford, a close and spirited argument,—*Milner Refuted; or, Pious Frauds exemplified in Dr. Milner's 'End of Religious Controversy'*, edited by C. H. Collette,—*Notes on the Proposed Amendment of the Authorized Version of the Holy Scriptures*, by Prof. William Selwyn, Canon of Ely, a plea for a corrected translation,—*Eight Prayers* by the late Rev. J. Harrington Evans, reported in stenography by a gentleman, who informs us that, "as a preacher, the late J. H. Evans was unrivalled,"—*Danielism*, a misty treatise, by "the Unraveller,"—and *The Lord's Anointed, a Coronation Sermon*, "preached at Moscow on the Sunday before the enthronement of Alexander the Second," by the Rev. M. Margoliouth, who says: "It is our duty to look upon Alexander the Second as the Lord's Anointed."—Passing to educational subjects, we find them treated in *National Education*, an essay,—*A Comprehensive View of National Education Schemes*, designed to convey "hints for next session,"—and *A Short Essay on the National Education Question*, which, the Author assures us, is at once graphic and to the purpose.—*A Letter to Mr. Disraeli*, by "Agricola," relates to the culture of the field.—In connexion with science, may be mentioned the *Reports addressed to the Commissioners of Inland Revenue, on the Successful Application of Methylated Spirit to various purposes in Arts, Manufactures, and Scientific Research*,—the *Progress of Photography*, a lecture, by Mr. Joseph Ellis,—and an essay *On Points of Importance connected with the Treatment of Ulcerated Legs*, by Thomas Westlake, M.R.C.S.—*The Irish, who are they?* is an ethnological dissertation by Mr. B. Donavend.—*In Observations on Perfumery*, Mr. T. Foster Ker writes in a florid style on a fragrant topic.—In *The Reason Why* "some hundreds of reasons are given for things which, though generally known, are imperfectly understood." The explanations, like startling intelligence, "should be received with caution."

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

- Agrippa's (H. Cornelius) *Life*, by Morley, 2 vols. cr. 8vo. 12s. cl.
 Almanach de Gotha, 1857, 32mo. 5s. 6d. bds.
 Andrews's Eighteenth Century, post 8vo. 9s. cl.
 Beasmith's *Reconciliation by Blood*, 18mo. 1s. cl.
 Bowman's *Castaways*, f. 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
 British Eloquence of the Nineteenth Century, Political Oratory, 2nd Series, f. 8s. 6d. cl.
 Coleridge's *Seven Lectures on Shakespeare and Milton*, 8vo. 12s. cl.
 Dead Bridal, f. 8vo. 1s. 6d. bds.
 Devereux, a Novel, 3 vols. post 8vo. 3s. 6d. cl.
 Dibdin's *High Mettled Racer*, illustrated by J. B., 4to. 12s. swd.
 English Harmony of the Four Gospels, f. 4to. 6s. cl.
 Gamgee's *Researches in Pathological Anatomy*, 8vo. 9s. cl.
 Horner's *Introduction to the Scriptures*, 10th edit. 4 vols. 72s. 6d. cl.
 Kingsley's *Hypatia*, 2nd edit. cr. 8vo. 6s. cl.
 Lorin's *French Reading and Pronunciation*, 8vo. 1s. swd.
 Massey's *Craiglock Castle*, f. 8vo. 5s. cl.
 Mayhew's *Wonders of Science*, 2nd edit. f. 6s. cl.
 Morton's *New Farmer's Almanac*, 1857, 1s. swd.
 Mylne's *Ecclesiastes*, 2nd Series, 18mo. 1s. cl.
 Napier's *Ancient Workers and Artificers in Metals*, f. 8vo. 3s. cl.
 Nelson's *School Atlas*, 8vo. 5s. half-bound.
 Oxenden's *Pathway of Safety*, 2nd edit. f. 8vo. 2s. 6d. cl.
 Parlor Library, 'Dumas' *Nanon*, or *Women's War*, 1s. 6d. bds.
 Post-Office Directory, 'Birmingham', royal 8vo. 31s. cl.
 Riego's *Crochet-Book*, 15th Series, 18mo. 1s. 6d. swd.
 Royle's *Manual of Materia Medica & Therapeutics*, 3rd edit. 12s. 6d.
 Russell's *War, from Landing to Death of Napoleon*, new edit. 5s. cl.
 Schurz's *Bible Pictures*, 1856, 4to. 15s. cl.
 Scott's *Lord of the Isles*, illust. cr. 8vo. 15s. cl.
 Scott's *Poetical Works*, 60 Illustrations by Turner, 31s. 6d. cl. gilt.
 Siege of Bomarsund, 1854, trans. from the French, cr. 8vo. 4s. 6d.
 Speir's *Life in Ancient India*, 8vo. 15s. cl.
 Stewart's *Outlines of Discoveries*, f. 8vo. 4s. 6d. cl.
 Tennant's *Suggestions for Renewal of Bank Charter*, 8vo. 2s. swd.
 Testament, New, Greek, with Notes by Wordsworth, Part 1, 31s. cl.
 Thomson's *Class-Book of Latin Synonyms*, f. 8vo. 1s. 6d. cl.
 Thornercroft's (G. R.) *Memoir*, by Owen, cr. 8vo. 5s. cl.
 Three Little Kittens, 4to. 2s. 6d. cl.
 Tiers's *German Grammar*, 11th edit. 12mo. 6s. cl.
 Todd and Bowman's *Physiological Anatomy*, Vol. 1, 2nd edit. 15s.
 Tupper's *Out and Home*, edited by his Brother, 2nd edit. 5s. cl.
 Useful Lib., 'Bowman's Common Things of Every-day Life', 1s. cl.
 Williams's *German and English Dialogues*, 14th edit. 12mo. 5s. 6d.

ASTRONOMICAL EXPEDITION TO TENERIFFE.

Professor Piazzi Smyth, Astronomer Royal for Scotland, who left England last June in charge of an Astronomical Expedition to Teneriffe, has returned, and has communicated an account of his proceedings to the Admiralty, by whose liberality the undertaking was set on foot.

Prof. Smyth embarked at Southampton, on the 20th of June, in the *Titania* Yacht, liberally placed at his disposal by Mr. Robert Stephenson. He was provided with about seventy cases of instruments and materials, many of which were contributed by

eminent men of science; and after a prosperous voyage, landed at Santa Cruz on the 8th of July. Having communicated with the Spanish authorities, who were very favourably disposed towards the undertaking, Prof. Smyth proceeded overland to Orotava, the port of the Peak, where the yacht landed all the cases. One of the principal objects of the Expedition being to ascertain how far astronomical observations can be improved by elevating telescopes into the higher regions of the atmosphere, arrangements were made for conveying the instruments to the summit of Guajara, a mountain 8,870 feet high, on the south of the Peak. All these, with the exception of a ponderous equatorial, which was too heavy for transport in its bulky condition, were safely conveyed to the top of Guajara. The morning of the ascent was very cloudy, but after attaining an elevation of 5,000 feet the stratum of clouds was passed, and the sky appeared without a speck of vapour. This was very cheering, and gave hopes of a rich astronomical harvest. Having erected an observatory, the instruments were set to work, and here we have some account of the peculiar advantages enjoyed by the observers.

—“The admirable purity of the atmosphere and the advantage of an ascent of 8,870 feet were night after night proved by the limit of vision of the Sheepshanks telescope being extended from stars of the tenth degree of magnitude to those of the fourteenth degree at Guajara; and not only was the brightness of the stars, but their definition also was much improved,—for, while in Edinburgh I had never seen good images of stars in that instrument, on Guajara it almost always exhibited such clear and perfect stellar discs and rings as I have never seen in any other telescope at or near the level of the sea; and while we were still on the mountain with every night perfectly clear, and in general with such enchantingly fine definition, the perception of these advantages was intensified by the arrival of a letter from the first Assistant Astronomer of the Edinburgh Observatory, saying that there had hardly been a single clear night there during all the time I had been away.”

The great power of the sun at Guajara was strikingly shown by an English radiation thermometer breaking in a few minutes after having been exposed to its influence. Two other thermometers, prepared according to M. Arago's ideas, and the greater strength of the sun in France, were next tried; but, although they marked as high as 180°, they were insufficient to register the extraordinary intensity of the solar rays. Under these very favourable circumstances it was extremely unfortunate that observations relating to the absorption of the solar rays by the atmosphere—considered with reference to their total thermic effect, which had been strongly recommended by the Royal Society and Sir John Herschel—could not be made in consequence of the failure of the only actinometers procurable at the time in the country. The radiation of the moon was ascertained by means of a delicate thermo-multiplier. The absolute amount was small, being about one-third of that radiated by a candle at a distance of 15 feet. Prof. Stokes's spectrum was also examined and found to be traceable beyond the furthest point previously ascertained elsewhere.

Although Guajara proved an admirable station for observations, yet Prof. Smyth was desirous of testing a higher elevation; and with this view, after prefatory explorations, he succeeded in conveying the instruments, including the great equatorial—which was reduced to its primitive elementary parts—to a shelf-like ridge, called the Alta Vista, on the south-east slope of the peak, 10,900 feet high. Here the instruments were again set up; and it was soon ascertained that the apprehensions entertained respecting the hot vapours from the peak proving fatal to telescopic vision were groundless: for “the definition proved admirable; so much so, that not only once, but every night for a week, that difficult test, B and C of γ Andromeda were seen as two distinct stars; nor could any object in the lists of the “Cycle” be found which were not separated by the telescope, and with ease.” Some extraordinary views of the moon were obtained, notwithstanding its being at a very low altitude; and the sun was observed optically and

photographically. The observations were carried on at this high elevation from the 1st to the 14th of September, when a storm broke over the mountain, and the fine weather terminated. The Expedition remained on the mountain until the 19th, but a clear sky was not seen after the storm. The instruments were now packed, and preparations were made to leave the island. But before descending the mountain, various meteorological observations were made, in accordance with the suggestions of the Royal Society; the crater of the peak was examined; the Montana Blanca and several places remarkable for their geology and botany were visited with hypsometric instruments, and about 200 photographic pictures were obtained. A more elevated station for astronomical observations was also found, which might be made available for a future expedition; and, besides, greater height would possess some other advantages over either the Alta Vista or Guajara.

A week was spent at Orotava in examining the zero of meteorological instruments, and in photographing and measuring some remarkable volcanic features in the neighbourhood, and also the great dragon-tree, as recommended by Sir John Herschel. Prof. Smyth also examined the tide-gauge which he had had constructed on the mole at Santa Cruz, and then embarked for England on the 27th of September, where he arrived after an absence of 117 days. Of these, 36 were spent at sea, 18 in the low lands of Tenerife, 37 at the height of 8,870 feet, and 26 at the height of 10,900 feet.

ANGELI v. GALBRAITH.

British Museum, Oct. 22.

In the *Athenæum* of October the 18th, Mr. Angeli has introduced my name in the course of his reply to some comments which appeared in your paper of the 16th of August on his translation of Sir R. Kane's Inaugural Address. My opinion as to Mr. Angeli's qualifications for the responsible post of Professor in an University I was compelled to give in a Court of Justice nearly three months ago; and if confirmation of its correctness were required, Mr. Angeli has supplied that confirmation by the rejoinder he has just put forth through the medium of your columns.

Mr. Angeli complains that I “insinuate” his literary shortcomings; as if I had not given him tangible accusations to grapple with and disprove in my evidence, on which his counsel cross-examined me, most discreetly, before the Court. Unfortunately, Mr. Angeli either will not or cannot recognize palpable blunders when pointed out to him: he either will not or cannot distinguish Italian words and phrases from *Angeliisms*,—the latter being words and phrases of which Mr. Angeli makes a use peculiarly his own.

So far as competent judges are concerned, I cannot think that Mr. Angeli's qualifications as a Professor of Italian need any further discussion; but as he ventures to say that I “insinuate” his literary shortcomings, I beg to say explicitly, being invited by him to do so, that Mr. Angeli is a man without education, utterly ignorant of his own (by which I mean Italian) language. I was asked by the Court “whether Mr. Angeli was competent to teach the Italian language?” and under the solemn obligation of my oath I answered, “I am very sorry to have to say it, but I do not think he is competent; it is very painful for me to say so, but I must answer.”

Now, Sir, I beg deliberately and emphatically to repeat that opinion; and, after Mr. Angeli's letter to you, I do so without any sorrow or reluctance whatever. If he will not keep quiet, he must take the consequences. I have, &c.

A. PANIZZI.

THE FIRST EDITION OF ‘HAMLET.’

6, Tregunter Road, West Brompton, Oct. 21.

A few copies of the last leaf of the newly-discovered copy of the ‘Hamlet’ of 1603 having been issued without my sanction, and being thus prevented from indulging in the, perhaps, somewhat too selfish gratification of producing a complete copy for the first time in my own edition of the Poet's works, I have the pleasure of offering a

correct transcript of the missing page for more extended circulation to the readers of the *Athenæum*. They will thus have an opportunity of comparing it with the corresponding portion of the enlarged tragedy, and of judging how far the former may be of value in determining the vexed question of the exact character of the edition of 1603, beyond its more obvious importance in settling for ever the extent of the deficiency in the reprinted copy. It seems to be on the whole of more interest than would have been thought probable by any one well acquainted with the reprint, and certainly of greater importance than I had fancied possible before I had taken a copy and examined it. Thus, the new reading, “Bear Hamlet, like a soldier, to his grave,” which it would obviously be altogether incorrect to substitute in the amended play, agrees with the context of this original, where there is no hint “that these bodies high on a stage be placed to the view,” but that the scaffold was merely raised for the convenience of the narrator of the “sad story.” Had the quarto of 1603 been, as Mr. Collier supposes, a garbled, imperfect version of the tragedy as exhibited in the edition of 1604, it seems at least unlikely that the context in such a line should be made to correspond with an accidental omission. Again, the two lines, “If aught of woe,” &c., appear very unlike a shorthand writer's version of the speech commencing, “What is it, you would see?”—and the same remark will apply to the next speech of Fortinbras, and, indeed, to most of the remainder of the dialogue. On the whole, it is likely the publication of this single leaf will strengthen the opinion, that we possess in the edition of 1603, though it may be in a corrupted form, the tragedy as originally composed by the great dramatist; but the subject is worthy of much closer examination than has hitherto been bestowed upon it. It may now be merely necessary to add a copy of the long-missing page.—

Prince of Denmark.

Enter Voltmar and the Ambassadors from England.
Enter Fortinbras with his train.

Fort. Where is this bloody sight?

Hor. If aught of woe, or wonder, you'd behold,
Then look upon this tragick Spheake.Fort. O Imperious death! how many Princes,
Hast thou at one draft bloodily shot to death? (land,
Ambass. Our ambassie that we haue brought from Eng-
Where be these Princes that should heare vs speake?
O most most vnllooked for time! vnhappy country!Hor. Content yourselves. He shew to all the ground,
The first beginning of this Tragedy.Let there a scaffold be rearde vp in the market place,
And let the state of the World be there,Where you shall heare such a sad story tolde,
That neuer mortal man could more vnfolde.Fort. I haue some rights of memory to this Kingdome,
Which now to claime my leisure doth inuite mee:Let four of our chiefest Captaines
Bears Hamlet like a souldier to his graue;For he was likely, had he liued,
To a proud most royall:Take vp the bodie; such a sight as this
Becomes the fieldes, but here doth much amisse.

Finit.

The probability seems to be that ‘Hamlet’ was first published in the year 1602, by James Roberts, the printer of several others of Shakespeare's plays. Let us entertain a hope that the prominence given to the present discovery may lead to the production of such a treasure, which would, indeed, be “cheaply purchased by its weight in gold.”

J. O. HALLIWELL.

THE ECLIPSE OF MAY, 603 B.C.—MR. BOSANQUET
AND DR. WHEWELL.

Killyleagh, County Down, Oct. 13.

In the *Athenæum* of the 23rd of August you have inserted a letter of Mr. Bosanquet's, in which I am attacked with some severity. You will, I trust, insert this reply of mine. I have delayed it only with a view to make myself as completely master of the subject as I could before writing. Mr. Bosanquet says that he is surprised at my questioning a result at which Mr. Airy and Mr. Hind had arrived. I am about to surprise him still further; and I shall probably surprise also some worthy Members of Section A., who seem to believe in Dr. Whewell's infallibility. Mr. Bosanquet's letter implies that I entertain doubts

as to the eclipse of 603 B.C. being that of Herodotus. Perhaps I expressed myself dubitably in my paper,—but I entertain no doubts now. As confidently as I believe that on the evening of this present 13th of October, 1856, the greater part of the moon will be immersed in the earth's shadow, so confidently do I believe that about 10 o'clock in the morning of the 18th of May, 603 B.C., the shadow of the moon passed over a field of battle in Turkey in Asia, where the Medes and Lydians had just commenced fighting, causing a total eclipse of the sun, which terminated the battle, as it was understood to intimate the will of Heaven that it should not take place. An eclipse at sunset, like that of the 28th of May, 585, after the parties had been all day fighting, could never have been regarded as an intimation of Divine displeasure at their fighting. Besides, the placing this battle in 585 B.C. is absolutely inconsistent with well-established chronological facts. The eclipse of 603 is the only eclipse which was visible in Western Asia within the chronological limits which confine us that had the two characteristics, of being total and being in the morning. I, therefore, as I said, feel the most perfect confidence that this was the eclipse intended by Herodotus; and I am confident, also, that the time is not far distant when astronomers generally will accept this fact, and will rectify their tables by making them to agree with it. I admit that, according to the tables which astronomers now use, the moon's longitude would be a considerable number of minutes greater than it must have been according to my belief: I cannot say precisely how many minutes, because (as I correctly stated at Cheltenham) no calculation of this eclipse has been published since that made by Mr. Baily, who used tables which are now superseded. The circumstance which I have mentioned, however, presents no difficulty to my mind. I believe that the additions to the different arguments which are found in Damoiseau's Table IV. are all much greater than they ought to be,—the error being nearly proportioned to the square of the number of centuries between the epoch of the tables and that for which the moon's place is sought. Consequently, the tabular longitude of the moon always comes out greater than her longitude actually was. The supposition that an error like this exists in Damoiseau's tables is not to be slighted as a mere fancy of mine. Mr. Adams has published a paper in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1853, in which he proves from theory that this is actually the case; and I can put no other construction on recent statements that have been made respecting an error in his calculations than that M. Plana has discovered that he has adopted, in part at least, Mr. Adams's views. Mr. Boscquet says that Mr. Airy has found that the correction of the tables which would be necessary to meet M. Plana's present views would "very slightly vary" the path of the shadow in 585. That is a matter of little or no importance, as it is absolutely impossible that that could be the eclipse of Herodotus; but what is of real importance is this:—How would it affect the eclipse of 603? I suspect that it would make a considerable change in the path of the shadow in it. I know that a correction in accordance with Mr. Adams's views would do so.

I abstain from details, which would only be interesting to, or indeed understood by, mathematicians; but I feel that I have good grounds for the confidence which I have expressed in the correctness of my views. I must now say a few words on the occurrence at Cheltenham, to which Mr. Boscquet has referred, and which is noticed in your report of the proceedings. When I stated that the eclipse of 603 had not been calculated with the improved tables, and expressed a wish that it should be so, Dr. Whewell told me that it had been calculated, and that all the particulars respecting it would be found in a paper of Mr. Airy's in the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1853. He said that the path of the shadow in this eclipse was laid down by Mr. Airy on a map. I asked him to point it out to me, as determined by him, on the large map, on which I had just pointed it out, as it was laid down by a writer in the *Philosophical Transactions* whose name I now forget;

which path, I expressed my belief, would be found not to differ much from the true one. Dr. Whewell refused to gratify me, referring me to the volume of the *Transactions* in which Mr. Airy's paper was, which, he intimated, contained all that I had been reading to the Section. He said that he could point it out, but that he did not choose to do so. Some weeks after the meeting at Cheltenham, I procured the part of the *Philosophical Transactions* which contained Mr. Airy's paper; and I discovered, to my great surprise, that the entire of Dr. Whewell's statement was erroneous. The paper contained no calculations respecting the eclipse of 603, and no map exhibiting the track of the shadow in it. The only eclipse, among those which have been thought to be that referred to by Herodotus, as to which Mr. Airy gave any calculations, or laid down any track of the shadow, was that of 585. It was evident that Dr. Whewell had, through some strange misapprehension, confounded the two eclipses of 603 and 585; and that he imagined I was giving a very absurd representation of the circumstances of the latter, when I was speaking of those of the former. If Dr. Whewell had complied with my request to communicate to me the information which he supposed that he possessed, he would have been led to see the mistake under which he was himself labouring. It is scarcely necessary for me to add that Dr. Whewell's suggestion that my paper was a *réchauffé* of Mr. Airy's was completely erroneous. It was grounded on the mistake that I have just pointed out. He imagined that I was arguing in favour of the same eclipse for which Mr. Airy had argued, as being that of Herodotus; the fact being that I was arguing in favour of a different eclipse, and against that of Mr. Airy. The only point on which I took the same ground with Mr. Airy was in opposing Mr. Baily's view that the eclipse of 610 B.C. was that of Herodotus; and if I had read Mr. Airy's paper I should probably have said less on this point, which I should have taken as proved. As to everything else connected with this eclipse, I have, I believe, sufficiently expressed my total dissent from Mr. Airy's views.

I am, &c., EDWARD HINCKES.

OLD LAMPS AND NEW.

THE Correspondent who has favoured us with the following letter has our thanks for his illustrations of a project which, we fear, may prove a somewhat costly mistake:—

"I have read with astonishment the account in the *Athenæum* of the 11th inst. of the great architectural scheme by which, with the ease and flourish of an architect's pencil, whole ranges of streets and buildings are to be swept away to make room for a cluster of palaces for the residences of our ministers, under pretext of collecting together our public offices. As to throwing open the job, and calling for designs from all the architects of the world, it is a mere mockery: no sufficient time is allowed even for our home architects; and the naming the 26th of March as the last day is but one of a hundred proofs, with which I shall not trouble you, of a foregone conclusion. With this, however, I do not concern myself. I protest against removing the public offices down to Westminster—out of the way of all public business and of every man of business. Why, for one half my life I have heard, at stated intervals, in Parliament and out of Parliament, of the urgent necessity of removing the Courts of Law from that remote district. Half a million, or a million, was not too much, we were told, for the convenience of having these Courts of Law somewhere or anywhere within the range of men's ordinary business necessities. Now another and a better job suggests itself, and the public offices are to be removed to Westminster: and all this public good is to be effected for only two or three millions of public money! But why remove?—for the convenience of the Foreign Secretary, and the Home Secretary, and the Chancellor of the Exchequer? Surely these gentlemen, and some half-dozen other gentlemen might more easily, on occasion, travel half-a-mile eastward of Charing Cross than bring

thousands and tens of thousands down daily to the remote and deserted suburb of Westminster—deserted because of its inconvenient situation. But it is of the utmost importance we are told that the public offices should be located together. Why this pretext is a century old, and did its duty and its job a century ago. George the Third had a passion for architecture—most people have who do not pay for it—Chambers was the favourite architect, Burke the leader of the opposition:—so His Majesty, His Majesty's ministers, and His Majesty's opposition were agreed; and Somerset House was to be built, and all for the benefit of the public, and to bring the great public offices together. There can be no doubt that the site was well chosen, and the design noble, and so long as Chambers lived the building went slowly on, and brought him in, as intended, a very handsome income. Chambers died, and there was an end: not of Chambers only, but of the building, and of all that had ever been urged in its favour. It remained incomplete for fifty or sixty years; and then the ground on which the East Wing was to have been erected, and which had been occupied as a timber-yard and a coal-yard, and was little other than a nuisance and an eye-sore, was given or let to the proprietors of King's College.

"Let us now test the pretext by the issue. Somerset House consists of six pretty equal divisions:—the water front to the south, the Strand front to the north, and double wings, two on the east and two on the west. The south front and two wings, facing the great square, were occupied with public offices,—with the Duchy of Cornwall, which is not a public office,—and one or two residences for officers, who might as well have resided anywhere else. Then, the whole of the outer west wing was appropriated for the private residences of the Treasurer and the Commissioners of the Navy, and so forth; the whole of the north wing was given to the Royal Academy, the Royal Society, the Society of Antiquaries, and other Societies; and the east wing remained unbuild. During this period not less than a dozen different public offices were built in widely remote situations, and more than a dozen scattered houses rented for public offices.

"Now, observe the further progress towards the development of this idea of concentration.

"Some few years since a National Gallery was projected, and Somerset House was cleared of the Royal Academy. Later still, the Commissioners had an allowance granted for house-rent, and thus another whole wing became vacant. Now, the Duchy of Cornwall has, very properly, built for itself a new house at Piccadilly. Within this twelve or eighteen months Burlington House has been purchased, and there we are pulling down and building up, to make room for the Royal Society, the Antiquaries, and other kindred associations. Here, then, we have, or have had, one-half of this great central building vacant, and one-sixth given away to King's College;—and when we have paid down our two or three millions of money, and learned to tramp down to Westminster, we may advertise, 'Somerset House to be let.'

"TEMPLE."

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Naples, Oct. 16.

To political excitement has been added that occasioned by two violent shocks of earthquake on Saturday night and Sunday morning last. For several days a thick fog had covered not only the more distant views, but almost the opposite sides of the streets,—a remarkable phenomenon in Naples, where the atmosphere is generally so crystal clear, and one which has not been witnessed within the memory of any living man. I must observe, too, that Vesuvius seemed to be labouring with some internal commotion, for though nothing but smoke has been perceptible for some time, yet two or three nights before the shocks were felt I observed vivid flames, which rose a little above the crater, colouring the atmosphere all around. At about two o'clock on Sunday morning the first shock was felt along the whole extent of the coast, from Sorrento out to Posilippo, and telegraphic

despatches inform us that it was felt also very strongly in the Calabrias, in the Abruzzi, at Avellino, Castellamare, and in all the surrounding townships. In some houses the bells rang, the clocks were stopped, and the doors opened and shut continually; crockery and glass were knocked against one another, and objects rolled off tables; the bedsteads, which are all made of iron, rattled and shook as though a strong man had them in his grasp; and, as may easily be conceived, every one sprang out of bed. "At the same time that I felt the shock," said a friend, "I heard a hissing noise, as that of a steam-carriage passing hurriedly by." In many parts of the city, the inhabitants rose from their beds and rushed into the streets, where they spent a great portion of the night. This was especially the case in the neighbourhood of the sea, towards Mergellina, — where, amongst others, H.R.H. the Count of Syracuse passed the night in his carriage. I do not remember to have seen such alarm created by a shock as on the present occasion. Perhaps the fact of its happening in the dead of the night produced a greater fear; and, as a poor person said to me, "E sempre una brutta bestia, signore, un terramuto!" The report circulating through the city was that half Nisida had toppled over; so, as there is nothing like verifying a fact with one's own eyes, I took a cab with a friend and drove in that direction. On arriving at the Mergellina we found our road impeded by a religious procession, headed by a confraternity, closed by a company of soldiers, and honoured by the presence in the centre of a Bella Madonna, the Madonna of Sta. Ursula, who had been brought out on this day to propitiate the powers above, and to allay the fears of the people. The scene was picturesque enough to the bodily eye, but what a picture did it present to the mind! The eternal immutable laws of Nature were to be suspended by the exhibition of a colossal doll with a flaxen wig, and the wrath of Heaven appeased by some airs of Donizetti! Following in the rear of the procession, we at length pushed up the Strada Nuova, found Nisida, as it was, perfectly entire; and on inquiry ascertained that it was a portion of the mountain near Pozzuoli which had fallen. No damage, however, had been done there, or anywhere else in fact, with the exception of some cracks in a church or a house. The shocks took place at about two o'clock in the morning of the 12th inst. They were undulatory: the first continuing fifteen seconds, and coming in the direction of north to south; the second lasted not longer than ten seconds, and appeared to pass from east to west. On visiting Vesuvius early on Sunday morning, great internal activity was evident. There were noises as of the repeated discharge of artillery, followed by the rushing sounds of a forge. The flames rose a little above the edge of the crater, and stones and ashes were thrown in abundance on the sides and sometimes beyond the crater. The guides predicted an eruption, which might guarantee our personal security much better than the procession of the Madonna. though, I dare say, it would have been difficult to persuade them of the correctness of such an opinion; and I certainly neither did nor shall try to do so. Later advices say that in the Island of Capri the earthquake was felt very sensibly. The soldiers were so much alarmed that five times during the night they turned out of their barracks. "As for myself, signore," said a mariner to me, "I did not know whether I was going forwards or backwards, and I could not help asking myself, 'Peter! are you drunk or not?' I had been out all that night, and did not arrive at Capri until the morning. The sea was tossed about as by a storm; and glad enough I was, on arriving at the top of the mountain, to sit down and recover from my dizziness." I have just received the following information, that Prof. Palmieri could not make any observations with the seismometer on Vesuvius, as it was under repair; but he assures me that the earthquake was very distinctly felt there, and that at the moment of the shock the mountain made a most tremendous noise. On driving over to Pozzuoli yesterday with a friend, I found that the effects of the earthquake had been on a much more gigantic scale than I had expected. Entire

rocks had been rent asunder, and thousands and thousands of tons, in huge blocks, lay scattered around. "I heard, sir," said a man on the spot, "the sound of a mighty rushing wind, followed by repeated tremblings of the earth, and then came down this mountain of rock with a crash that I know not what to compare it to." H.

OUR WEEKLY GOSSIP.

Is another section of the *Athenæum*, we have had frequent occasion, of late, to call attention to the magnificent and commodious public-rooms arising in every provincial town of England, for the accommodation of the crowds which, according to the fashion of our modern life, are beginning increasingly to congregate. All this while London moves awkwardly, feebly, and not wisely, in providing for that public which year by year swells and spreads itself in search of public amusements. — The new room in the *Surrey Gardens* has been pointed at as superior to most in the means of ingress and egress afforded; and yet the hideous catastrophe of Sunday evening last, with its double crowd on a single gallery staircase, shows how insufficient the provision must have been, — or rather, perhaps, that no precautionary provision can be too sufficient. Surely the report and the recollection of a scene so frightful, and its consequences, ought not to speak in vain, — let surveyors be ever so supine, and architects ever so thoughtless, and proprietors ever so selfish in refusing to entertain plans of staircase and portal improvement as wasteful. Without falling into a panic-cant, the matter should be urged most strenuously; — and the present is the time. — The *Sacred Harmonic Society*, now an established and important tenant of Exeter Hall, seems year by year to memorialize — always vainly — in the hope of getting for its public, not luxury, but common safety in sufficient outlets. — We observe, too, that the *Builder* is criticizing the plans for the projected *St. James's Hall*, and inquiring how far they offer the necessary relief for the thousands invited thither, — each one of whom, after his or her concert, may during the season have some six balls or some seven *conversations* to manage before bed-time, and naturally desire the quickest possible deliverance. We imagine that neither the speculators about to undertake *St. James's Hall* nor Mr. Gye have commenced operations. Is it Utopian to inquire whether, with the co-operation of the *Sacred Harmonic Society*, these three undertakings could not now be combined so as to give birth to some grand plan which should provide London with some noble and habitable public-room, or set of public-rooms, such as would befit the metropolis?

In reference to the communication from Mr. Foss, published in the *Athenæum* of last week, we have received the following note. —

"Maidenhead, Oct. 19.
"I am bound to take the earliest opportunity of correcting the great mistake I committed respecting the price the Duke of Devonshire gave for his copy of the 'Hamlet,' 4to. 1603. During about the last five-and-twenty years I have been under the conviction that the whole volume cost his Grace no more than 100*l.* or 100 guineas; but the letter of Mr. Henry Foss, in your last publication, has decisively shown that I was in error. That error arose in this way. I did not see the 'Hamlet' until it had been some years in the Duke's possession. It had then been (though I did not know it) separated from its old companions (enumerated by Mr. Foss), and bound up with Greene's 'Alphonsus' and some other plays of about that period. When I asked what the volume had cost, I referred to the book as I then saw it in my hand; and the answer of my informant, who must know, and could not deceive, must have had reference only to the 'Hamlet,' which (separated from the other dramas it was associated with when obtained from Messrs. Payne & Foss) he valued at 100*l.* or 100 guineas, I forget which. I was not at all aware that the volume, as originally sold to the Duke of Devonshire, contained any of the plays by Shakespeare mentioned in Mr. Foss's letter. I presumed, hastily, that the book had

only been re-bound and inlaid for the Duke, and that it came from Messrs. Payne & Foss with the 'Alphonsus' and the other plays I saw in it, and no others. This was my belief at the time; and I now see at once that the 100*l.* or 100 guineas I heard mentioned could only be the estimate of what the 'Hamlet,' 1603, had cost, apart from the rest of the contents. J. PAYNE COLLIER."

The following settlement of the Milton query of last week — one among several letters on the subject — has reached us from a Correspondent. — "I think I can inform your Correspondent of the real authorship of the lines on Milton's blindness. They are by Miss Elizabeth Lloyd, a lady of Philadelphia, and will be found at full length at page 689 of the second volume of Duyckinck's 'Cyclopaedia of American Literature,' a work noticed by you a few weeks since. It does not appear whether they were intended as an imposition. It is to be hoped not; as in that case the authoress must either have credited her countrymen with very little critical perception, or possessed very little herself." — To the above statement it may be sufficient to add, that in the English periodical from which they were extracted, the lines were given as "lately discovered and published in the recent Oxford edition of the poet's works," — the periodical, moreover, being one aimed at the class from which much critical or comparative knowledge is not to be expected. Such a mystification in such a place amounts to a reprehensible abuse of good faith on the part of those professing to teach and interest the people.

The trustees of the new fund of 2,500*l.*, so liberally given by Mr. John Shakespeare for the completion of the preservation and separation of the house at Stratford-upon-Avon in which Shakespeare was born, have proceeded with great success in their undertaking. They have just purchased the two properties, one on each side of the house in Henley Street, known as "Banke's property," for 1,000*l.*, and as "Warden's property," for 450*l.* Of these two plots of ground, with the buildings upon them, the trustees will be in possession at Lady-day next, when, we conclude, they will lose no time in prosecuting the work of isolation, in order to avoid, in the first instance, all chance of demolition by fire. This is very satisfactory; and during the spring and summer the trustees will apply the rest of the money in their hands to the further accomplishment of the object in view, in order to render, as far as possible, the birthplace of Shakespeare as imperishable as his works.

Mr. Gregory's North Australian Expedition is "reported" by its senders out as having returned. The route taken was from Sydney to Moreton Bay, and thence to the mouth of Stokes's Victoria River. From this the discoverers started in January to ascend the river, which they succeeded in tracing to its sources, 1,400 feet above the level of the sea. A further exploration of a creek that led 300 miles further "west of south, to latitude 20° 15' S. and longitude 127° 45'," brought the party to a great salt lake in a sandy desert. Thence the Expedition retraced its steps to the mouth of Victoria River, where a camp had been established. From this Mr. Gregory was about to start again, eastward, in the direction of "the Albert River, where he expects to find more fertile land."

The Fourth Annual Report of the Free Public Library in Liverpool tells a tale of growth and prosperity. During the past twelve months upwards of three thousand volumes have been added to the collection; and the increase during the same period in the number of volumes issued has amounted to twenty thousand. "Novels and Works of Imagination" continue to be in first request; next in popularity stands "Miscellaneous Literature"; thirdly, "History and Biography." In the above three classes, the readers are numbered by tens of thousands. The next greatest demand is for works "on Science and the Arts, Architecture, Painting and Music." "Jurisprudence, Law, and Politics" stand the lowest but two on the list, — the lowest of all being "Classical Literature." That a new building is to be built for the Library and the Derby Museum attached to it we have already stated. The Report before us closes with the dubious statement, "that competition designs

have been under consideration arrived at. The Ecclesiastical The Re beautify day by d sion and We had gestion some ge direction house in have been Covent thorough petually where el stone. tunnelli ful plan which w all these be fulfill new bri measure years g frightfu about in made ar tion to lashed becomi and wan Science with the ships, hu gale and Cape of threads change to be ab of an h be the r rate in t made th Houses. by a tul which s the com be the saddle, water-p cess of largely and sat the equi French vinced of the (our con French If it declared worth not om Mr. Ge Adriatic New Y of wood Some tempor M. Eug the boo the pro the par Dudeve mythic to writi lished A blo to us, in to assign M. Cou the two M. de M him from

have been procured for the building; these are under consideration, but no decision has yet been arrived at."

The Earl of Burlington has resigned the Chancellorship of the University of London.

The resolution to open out thoroughfares and to beautify dull spaces in London, stirs and grows day by day. There is no lack of talk and discussion and suggestion, but small real achievement. We have once again before us an "Ædile's" suggestions for relieving Smithfield "by carrying out some great design of City improvement in the direction of Islington," and removing the Charter-house into the country. Then, a way seems to have been opened by the fire which burned down Covent Garden Theatre towards making new thoroughfares, enlarging the Market, and (a perpetually proposed expedient) the removal somewhere else of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, stone by stone. Other energetic reformers are for under-tunnelling the streets, in emulation of the wonderful plan of a circular railway under a glass shed, which was propounded some years ago. Among all these tales and details, the one most likely to be fulfilled is the giving the West-End public two new bridges in place of Westminster Bridge—a measure, it is said, decided on as much as any measure can be settled in England. Meanwhile, years go on, and intercourse increases with a frightful rapidity; and such works as are talked about in London are done in Paris. The advance made and the accommodation granted in proportion to the breath wasted and the money absurdly lavished, would be a thing to laugh at, were it not becoming discreditable in the feebleness of purpose and want of judgment which it discloses.

Science is beginning to take strange liberties with the sea, not merely in the form of monster ships, huge enough, so runs the boast, to outride any gale and to override the most huge wave off "the Cape of Storms,"—not merely in those magical threads by aid of which France and England exchange notes minute by minute, and England is to be able to buy its cotton of America at a quarter of an hour's asking. "Diving made easy" is to be the next thing, if our contemporaries are accurate in their report of M. Danduran's experiments, made the other day in the Thames, "off the New Houses." By aid of a flatfish copper bell, traversed by a tube of gutta percha, "a fanning apparatus," which sets in motion a current of air sufficient for the comfort of the diver, no matter how profound be the depth to which he descends, and a leaden saddle, which he bestrides, "habited in a light water-proof dress," it is maintained that the process of exploring the depths of the sea can be largely extended,—carried on with increased safety and satisfaction,—and at a third of the price of the equipment hitherto worn. M. Danduran is a French civil engineer, and has already so far convinced the marine authorities of his own country of the utility of his invention, that it is already (our contemporary states) "placed" in some of the French seaports by desire of the Government.

If it be true, as the *Sir Oracle* of our days has declared, that the only architecture of our age worth speaking of is ship-building, then we cannot omit from the obituary of 1856 the name of Mr. George Steers, the American builder of the Adriatic,—"without exception," to quote the *New York Herald*; "the largest vessel constructed of wood in the world."

Some of our readers may still take up the contemporary biographies of French celebrities by M. Eugène de Mirécourt, which fill the windows of the book-shops on the boulevards of Paris, forgetting the protests already made in print by some of the parties biographized (among others Madame Dudevant) against that gentleman's statements as mythical. M. de Mirécourt, however, continues to write on, as the following portion of a note published in the *Journal des Débats* will testify.—

A biography of M. Victor Cousin has been communicated to us, in which it has pleased the author, M. de Mirécourt, to assign as a part. We owe it to the public and to M. Cousin to declare that there is not a word of truth in the two anecdotes in which we have been made to figure. M. de Mirécourt narrates a third anecdote, borrowed by him from *L'Indépendance Belge*, which he attributes to M.

Eugène Despois. Our friend, M. Despois, begs us to declare that he has never written a line in that journal, &c. &c. Signed, E. VACHEROT, JULES BARNI.

To this M. de Mirécourt has answered by another letter, pledging himself to maintain his facts.

Dr. KAHN'S ANATOMICAL MUSEUM, 4, Coventry Street, Leicester Square.—OPEN, for Gentlemen only, from 10 till 10. Continuing upwards of 1,000 Models and Preparations, illustrating every part of the Human Frame in Health and Disease, the Races of Men, &c. Lectures are delivered at 12.3, and half-past 7, by Dr. SEXTON, F.R.G.S.; and at 4 p.m. precisely, by Dr. KAHN.—Admission, One Shilling.

ROYAL POLYTECHNIC.—Entire Series of Novelties.—Lecture, with Experiments and Dissolving Diagrams of BESSEMER'S New Process of Manufacturing IRON and STEEL, by J. H. PEPPER, Esq., every Day at Three and every Evening, except Monday and Saturday, at Eight. New Entertainment by LEICESTER BUCKINGHAM, Esq., entitled 'LIFE in the WEST,' illustrated by Dissolving Views, painted by G. HARVEY, Esq. MONTAGNA'S WAX FIGURES, illustrating the Ethnology of Mexico.—Engagement of Miss GRACE ALLEN and Mr. and Mrs. COOPER, for their Musical Lectures, every Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday Evening.—Mr. PEPPER will Lecture next Monday Evening, at Eight, 'ON BESSEMER'S PROCESS.'

SCIENTIFIC

SOCIETIES.

HORTICULTURAL.—Sept. 24.—The following were elected Fellows:—The Earl of Pomfret, Sir Proby Cautley, Sir Wm. Macarthur, Dr. R. Wight, Mrs. M. A. Lloyd Wynne, Mr. W. Barron, A. Campbell, Esq., H. Fowler, Esq., S. Gurney, Esq., Jas. Clarke, Esq., Jon. Clarke, Esq., J. H. Lance, Esq., R. Warner, Esq., T. Grissell, Esq., Mr. J. Henderson, J. Drewitt, Esq., G. S. Wintle, Esq.

ENTOMOLOGICAL.—Oct. 6.—J. O. Westwood, Esq., V.P., in the chair.—Mr. Stainton exhibited some cases formed by the larvae of various South Australian Lepidoptera;—Mr. Lubbock, some blind Gammeri from an old well at Brighton, which he considered might be the *G. subterranean* of Leach;—Mr. Stevens, some minute Lepidoptera, taken by Mr. Diggles, at Moreton Bay, including some beautiful forms amongst the Pyralides and Sineide;—Mr. Buxton, an extensive series of *Noctua festiva*, taken in the north of Scotland, some of the varieties approaching to the *N. conflua* of Iceland, probably the extreme northern variety of *N. festiva*.—Mr. Westwood stated, that a new species of *Bledius* had recently been found by Mr. Parfitt, near Exmouth, and distributed specimens of *Lophyrus rufus* and *Achroia aloearia*.—Mr. Syme exhibited the larvae of *Deilephila Galii*, found near Deal;—Mr. Dutton, a singular variety of *Polyommatus Adonis*.—Mr. Stainton announced that Mr. Newham had lately discovered the larvae of *Xyponementa vigintipunctata*, near Guildford; and read a paper, by Dr. Collingwood, 'On the Preservation of the Larvæ of Lepidoptera.'—Mr. F. Smith read a description of a remarkable hymenopterous insect, lately received by the British Museum from Australia.

MEETING FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

TUES. Meteorological, 7.—Council.

FINE ARTS

The Humiliation and Exaltation of Our Redeemer, in Thirty-two Prints, representing the Original Wood-blocks of Albert Dürer. Edited by John Allen, M.A. Routledge & Co.

THIS is a praiseworthy attempt to popularize Albert Dürer, and transfer the old, sturdy artist from the nobleman's portfolio to his labourer's mantel-piece. Mr. Allen, in his Preface, says:—

"This book would probably not have been in the reader's hands, but for Mr. Henry Cole's beautiful edition (through the late Mr. Pickering) of the entire thirty-seven prints of the smaller Passion of Albert Dürer. Thirty-five of the original wood-blocks as cut by that artist are now in the print-room of the British Museum. From these casts have been taken, and type metal copies; so that, allowance being made for the dressing necessary on account of the wormholes, the prints may be fairly said to represent the original wood-blocks. It seemed to me that, for general circulation, four of the prints issued by Albert Dürer had better be omitted. I hope that an impression of the following thirty-two, at the cost of a shilling, may bring thousands under the influence of one of the greatest men of his time—the friend of Erasmus and of Melancthon—speaking to us across three centuries through the universal language of his art."

In spite of the strong sympathy between the English and German mind, we are, however, afraid

that this rugged Art may be too strong meat for those babes in Art who have been fed on Keapsake milk-and-water. To the tongue, this friend of Erasmus is rough as the national *sauer Kraut*, and indigestible as the national *Wurst*. He is a stout wrestler, belonging to a rude, strong, coarse, earnest age,—all leather and iron: one who had never heard of nerves, or *tedium vite*, or what metaphysicians call introspection. Look at his face, with its sober, swelling brow, full, firm eye, thick rope of eyebrow, bold nose, clamped mouth, and chin of a Cæsar—the face of one that we may call a man,—who loves God and hates the Devil, and uses his right hand to guard his heart and greet his friend. Mark, too, his long fell of hair and his rolling beard. German enough he is, and therefore heavy, coarse, and sometimes brutal, but, by the same token, full of simple love and faith, and of the liveliest imagination.

His style is mannered to the extreme, his drapery full of odd crinkles,—as if he had drawn from folds of wet paper just as the Greeks drew from wet linen, which must have eventually ended in warping Venus with rheumatic pains and doubling up Mars with the acutest lumbago. He indulges in double chins, sometimes in triple chins: his men are beefy; his women hard-featured and ugly; his figures are sometimes quaint,—often strange, elongated skeletons, and quite above humanity—as to height. But he is always strong, emphatic, and downright, and he knows how to hit hard.

Having thus briefly sketched Dürer's salient particularities, let us briefly criticize a few of his productions.

'The Annunciation.'—This shows Dürer's utter want of grace, his small perception of the Beautiful, and his preference of the quaint, grotesque, and picturesque. Gabriel is a well-fed bishop, with several chins and much stomach. The Dove is a parrot, and the lily grows out of a very familiar vase.

'The Adoration.'—The stable is by no means a shelter, having no roof and no side walls. The shepherds, who are natural, carry bagpipes and wear swords. The hands are, as usual, ill drawn.

'The Entry into Jerusalem.'—The faces of Dürer's men are generally ill favoured and vicious. He has an eye for distortion more than for harmony; he prefers exceptional men, not comely averages. Our Saviour is rather a long figure. The praying peasant to the right is very characteristic.

'Our Saviour in the Temple' is full of energy. One changer is down under a stool, and Our Saviour is lashing him heartily with a rope. A screaming farmer, in the background, is running off with a lamb under his arm,—a Pharisee is swearing, and a senator at the door is displaying mingled fear, astonishment, and rage.

'The Last Supper' is remarkable for the ludicrous and unmistakable villany of Judas. Such a leering wretch would never have been intrusted with any bag.

'Washing the Disciples' Feet.'—This is admirable in expression and composition. The drawing is good, and the drapery beautifully hung, both for breadth and contrast.

'The Agony.'—There is a slight affectation about the figure of Jesus; but there is a wonderful character of grief in the attitudes of the sleeping disciples.—All the scenes of 'The Crucifixion' are powerful. The soldiers are truculent, ferocious, and insolent, with their lolling tongues and buffeting fists.—The lantern in the scene of 'The Kiss' is as large as a modern pail. The High Priest is a proper specimen of priestly gluttony and pride. The snarling dog at his feet is well introduced.—In the twenty-third print the bowed and deprecating attitude of Our Saviour is pathetically full of suffering.

'The Judgment Hall'—bare and feeble—is redeemed by the excellent figure of the counsel arguing. The crossed fingers are eloquent of logical inferences. The dog is half monster, half pig.—In the next scene, the figure of Our Saviour is out of all proportion, but the loud-voiced accuser is well conceived.

For force, see Dürer's 'Preparations for the Crucifixion'—how the wretches labour at the nails—and observe the agony of the Saviour's head painfully

thrown back.—How very dead, too, is the body being taken down from the Cross! A violent wrestler for a meaning, it must be owned, this Dürer of Nuremberg often is; but with how sure a hand he strikes his blow—how confident of success he is—and how thoroughly in earnest!

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

New Room, Bank of London. Maclean.

THIS is a new room recently opened at the Bank of London, Threadneedle Street. Though not very original in design, it must be allowed to possess a certain grand simplicity and a richness in parts which is impressive. The huge pilasters relieve a dreary surface of wall, and far overhead, where no one looks, is a world of leaf and flower and stucco honeycomb, and even something about angels and winged Bank directors, all very Greek and unreal, pretty and meretricious. The roof is something like that of a state cabin, all compartments and honeysuckles. This is really a place to sigh in. If the Bank of London, the very heart epitome of England's wealth, does not patronize Art, who will? How long is a room to be merely a thing to keep out the weather? At least, we might have in such a place as this some grand and daring attempt at a utilitarian style of architecture, which might express the aim and tendency of the age, however bad or good, still massy, impetuous, crushing and ponderous, with a rolling and progressive wealth.

FINE-ART GOSSIP.—Casts of the works of Geerts, the Belgian carver in wood, are now collected into a court at the Crystal Palace. They consist chiefly of the figures from the new stalls at Antwerp Cathedral,—groups from the Jesuits' Church, &c. at Bruges,—from a church at Mons,—and from St. Gomer-à-Lierre. Of the force and originality of this artist's genius, correspondents of the *Athenæum* in former years have more than once spoken. His pulpit in the church of St.-Aubin, Namur [*vide Athen.* No. 1058], is one of the great religious works of the century. Much as we may lament the death of this sculptor of Louvain we cannot call the departure of a man who has left us such works—premature. He had the force of the Mediæval workers, with more refinement and equal faith and love. His mind was overflowing with purity and tenderness. He had dramatic power and grace,—he had a passionate sense of the beautiful,—he had pathos and individuality. The Muses loaded him with their gifts. His conceptions of Christ rank next to those of the old masters:—so wrung with unselfish sorrow is his face of Our Saviour, so full of wisdom and love, so full of divine humanity and human divinity. Perhaps his most seraphic and flowing conception is that of the singing angels, who praise the Lord with theorbos and dulcimers and quaint virginals. Long scrolls of music rest on their laps and flow over their simple robes, undisturbed by the storms of earth. Rapture and content are in their eyes—gush, like birds' songs, from their parted lips, and glow upon their radiant brows. Their faces are of the purest and most child-like beauty. To the last feather of their sweeping wings, they are angels, and could be nothing else,—not ballet-dancers and nymphs like those of the Roubiliac age, not muscular monsters and prize-fighters like Michael Angelo's; but real angels, beings without spot or stain, and wearing starry crowns. No less admirable are the sixteen groups of the Passion, in which Geerts has transcended all the old masters in variety and vigour of invention. The rude soldiers, with their mail tunics, their helmets wrapped with turbans, their pouches and knives, are distinct creations. There is not a face or attitude or expression in the whole sixteen groups which one remembers to have seen before. The meeting of the sorrow-stricken Virgin—the Judas-kiss—the legend of the Veronica—the Resurrection—are all poems in wood. Every face is vigorously modelled, and is strongly marked with the expression of the moment. The last work of this excellent craftsman of Louvain, a Virgin in marble, stands appropriately enough in the centre of the court. It is a triumphant Virgin standing on the world,

and treading the moon and stars under foot. The face is of the most exquisite type, pure nature, yet pure idealism. An exquisite effect, too, is produced by the marble of the veil and hood being cut so thin as to be transparent to the sunlight, that kindles it into a halo. There is also a model for a pulpit. The cup which is to hold the preacher forms a canopy ingeniously enough for the four Evangelists and their attendant bull, eagle, ox, and lion. On either side a flight of stairs leads up to the chair. The scattered figures of Geerts' working show his surprising knowledge of the Art-features of monastic life. The dry, wrinkled forehead—the skin strained tight over the cheek-bones—the clenched lips—the sunken, dimmed eyes—he knew by heart; and the rapt or wandering look he gives with truth and force. Every touch of his seems done at once, yet with a certainty that must be the result of long thought. All his figures are natural,—even over the laps of his saints children scramble for food or caresses. Of beauty, he knew every camelion phase. The lowered eyelid of modesty and maiden bashfulness—the smile of innocence—the virgin calmness, so saintly and so heavenly—the repose of the matron—the sudden outburst of mother's love seeking for expression—were all treasured in his mind. Without asceticism, he could paint the Hermit; without pride, the Pontiff; without arrogance, the Bishop; without bigotry, the Monk. All that was harsh, intolerant, impure, and violent, his fancy seems to have rejected, as the hawk does the feathers of the birds it preys on.

Every provincial paper brings in fresh tidings of the "adherence" of one collector, or owner of Art-treasures, after another to the Manchester Exhibition by lending it something rich and precious. What if the end be that the projectors run short of space to do justice to what is confided to them? It is impossible, of course, to keep "a subscription list," or to name a title of the liberal persons who seem coming forward; but we see within the last few days that some of the crown jewels of the Wilton Collection are to be sent, and that the Marquis of Hertford, whose gallery in London is hardly accessible to the general visitor, has expressed his intention of contributing to the Manchester Exhibition.

The late robbery of fifteen thousand pounds' worth of old pictures has cast a ghastly paleness on the faces of all owners of galleries. The fact that an unscrupulous lover of Art has been able coolly to visit the collection of Lord Suffolk, and then and there, as lawyers say, to rip out with a certain sharp-edged tool, otherwise called a penknife, we dare not say how many Carraccis and Raphaels, has made the hair of all picture-collectors who do not wear a wig stand bolt upright. Will no picture-restorer restore these jewels? Will no warder of Wardour Street point out this poacher on a nobleman's preserves? Rumour, with its thousand quivering tongues, has it that heavy stocks of life preservers with whistles at one end, and rattles and "knocker dusters," are being laid in at the Ellesmere and other London collections. The Pantheon alone, proud in a justifiable humility, fears no thieves and laughs at marauders. Joking apart, however, there can be no doubt that no property is so much exposed to risk as valuable pictures.—Take Italy: in the great palaces of Rome on a wet day, long suites of rooms are left open to the visitor while the mumbling curator bustles off to his little tiled room to watch the stew that is hissing for him over the charcoal brazier. A bold, daring man, accustomed to pictures, with a sharp, heavy knife, could in ten minutes easily rip out some forty thousand pounds worth of pictures, roll them round him, and hide them under the voluminous folds of a *talma* or a boat-cloak. Suppose a *carozza* ordered at the door at the given hour, our patron of Art tumbles in, hurries to his hotel, packs up his acquisitions, and having previously got his passport *visé*, pulls off his false beard and wig, changes his coat, packs up his cloak, or sells it, is off in an hour's time by diligence to Civita Vecchia, catches the boat, in three days reaches Marseilles, and—disappears. In three years from this time Paris is startled by an "Extraordinary discovery of

rare pictures at a Château on the Loire." During the vacation, our adventurer, who is a careful Art-student, and accustomed to imitate the manner of the Old Masters, has disguised every picture and hidden all their peculiar marks; his spare moments of literary leisure having been devoted to compiling a history of them, and of their concealment, during the Reign of Terror. He realizes incredible millions of francs, and retires to America, where he makes himself celebrated as a patron of genius and hidden merit; eventually becomes magistrate of his district, and is peculiarly severe on petty larceny. There can be no doubt, however, in all seriousness, that valuable pictures need watching; for burglars, like other men, have their fashions, and the garotte, chloroform, ring-dropping tricks, &c., have each had their day, like fardingales, toupees, hoops, and shoe-buckles. There is no doubt that conveyancers—*vulgo*, thieves—have discovered a new California; and collectors must be on the alert in protection of so valuable a source of revenue.

What would Wordsworth have said had he lived into these times of Photography? Surely was the old Conservative poet vexed at the idea of a railway destroying the picturesque privacy of the Lake country;—yet here is something more mechanically poetical done by man and the sun in company, in the series of photographs of the Lake country issued by Messrs. Dolamore & Bullock. These are revealing all the haunts round about Rydal and Ambleside and on the Rothay, by aid of that mysterious and matter-of-fact discovery, which must be a trouble to all such poets as would fain keep all the world of art, fancy, and intercourse in *statu quo*.—The six Lake photographs which form the first number of the collection are generally somewhat of the darkest; but what marvels do they furnish as studies of detail! The ivy-swathed gable, with its wood pile, of "Stockgill Cottage," is of itself a picture.

MUSIC AND THE DRAMA

EXETER HALL, MONDAY EVENING, November 3.—It is respectfully announced that a GRAND CONCERT will be given on MONDAY EVENING, November 3, supported by the following eminent Artists: Madame Grist, Madlle. Sedletz, Madame Amadei, and Madame Gassier; Signor Mario, Mr. Tennant, Signor Lorini, Signor Albicini, Signor Rovere, M. Gassier, and Herr Formes. Full Band and Chorus. Conductor, Signor Li CASALI. — Part I.: Overture (Siege of Corinth), Rossini; Romanza, "Una furiva lagrima," Donizetti; Signor Albicini; Aria, "Rolling in foaming billows" (Creation), Haydn, Herr Formes; Brindisi, "Il Segreto" (Luceria Ruffa), Donizetti; Madame Amadei; Duetto, "Quando di sangue tinto" (Bellario), Donizetti; Signor Lorini and Gassier; Aria Buffa, "Miel rampollo" (Cenerentola), Rossini; Signor Rovere; Duetto, "Un tenero core" (Roberto Devereux), Donizetti; Madame Grist and Signor Mario; Cantata, "La Zingarella" (Yezzo), Madame Gassier; Song, "Good bye, sweetheart," J. L. Hatton, Signor Mario; Quartetto, "E rimando" (Don Pasquale), Donizetti; Madame Gassier, Signor Gassier, Rovere, and Tennant; Chorus, "Oh, Signore dal tetto natio" (I Lombardi), Verdi. — Part II.: Overture (Il Barbiere di Siviglia), Rossini; Ballad, "Annie dear, good bye," Wallace, Mr. Tennant; Song, "The Wanderer," Schubert, Herr Formes; Scena, "Tacea la notte" (Traviata), Verdi; Madame Grist; Duetto, "Quanto amore" (Il Bislino d'Amore), Donizetti; Madame Gassier and Signor Rovere; Serenata, "Com'è gentile" (Don Pasquale), Donizetti; Signor Mario; Aria, "D'Espresso la," with Chorus (Nabucco), Verdi; M. Gassier; Finale, Grand Chorus, "Va pensiero" (Nabucco), Verdi.—Stalls, 2s. Reserved Seats, 3s.; West Gallery, 2s.; Orchestra Seats, 3s.; Area, 2s. Doors open at Seven, the Concert to commence at Eight o'clock. Cramer, Beale & Co., 201, Regent Street.

HANDEL'S DETTINGEN 'TE DEUM.

THAT the Dettingen 'Te Deum' is interesting, as every genuine work by Handel must be, no one will deny. That, taken as a whole, it is one of Handel's great works, few will maintain. The text of the Hymn has always seemed to us full of difficulties, because of the anti-climax at its close. Prayer, after praise,—and such praise!—can hardly be treated without a certain languor of effect resulting, to be overcome by no amount of inspiration. It might be asked in the interest of Art, and without the least meddling with canonical law and rubrical custom, whether a repetition of some of the earlier verses might not be allowed at the close of the hymn, when set for high festivals,—with a view of ending it, as it began, with jubilant adoration. From the want of this it may arise, that we have no 'Te Deum' ranking, in musical value, with the *Masses*, *Requiems*, *Slabat Maters*, of the great composers. It would, in fact, be difficult to name any great orchestral composition which has stood its ground, save Handel's Utrecht 'Te Deum,' and that by Graun. Of this the opening is sometimes heard, but the subsequent portions are chiefly heard of. It seems strange that, for occasions of rejoicing, the (music-

ally) more tractable Canticle, 'Benedicite, omnia opera,' which stands in our Rubric, as the alternative to the 'Te Deum,' has been so sparingly resorted to,—the more so, as some liberty is given to the musician by the fact that it is not pure Scripture, and as such, offers licence to omission and condensation.—But if a 'Te Deum' be universally difficult to set, a more individual drawback from the interest of Handel's Dettingen 'Te Deum' will be found in his abstinence from the *solo soprano* voice, having written exclusively for *counter-tenor*, *tenor*, and *basso soli*. This was, possibly, from necessity; but the result is such a dullness of effect, that we could even connive at some liberties for the mitigation of the heaviness:—such, for instance, as the transfer of the tender air, 'When thou tookest upon thee,' from the *bass* to a *mezzo-soprano* voice. The impassioned supplication, 'Vouchsafe, O Lord,' one of the few fragments from Handel's works that is known in France (mated with Latin words as a *Miserere*), is there sung by the female voice, and with great effect.—But what has been said will afflict the purists as though it were so much reckless irreverence: let us, therefore, leave suggestion, and mention one or two passages and points in assistance of the listener, to whom the 'Te Deum' is, possibly, less familiar than Handel's oratorios.

The first four bars of the 'Introduction'—merely a trumpet call—are worth noting, as a felicitous commencement of a military 'Te Deum.' One must be a Handel to dare to be so simple; yet what phrase, further fetched and more dearly bought, could have answered the composer's purpose so entirely? The symphony to 'All the earth,' as containing five bars of literal plagiarism from Handel's 'The Lord is a man of war,' is not to be overlooked,—nor his particular fancy of employing the *alto* as a *solo* voice, from which boldness and brilliancy were required, indicating a quality of tone in the singers of his day, for which an equivalent is rarely to be found in ours.—The *largo* to *piano*, 'To thee all angels,' which is as lachrymose as if its composer had mistaken their "cry aloud" for "a voice of wailing and lamentation," is further curious in the antiphonal phrase set to the words, 'The heavens, &c. This, like certain passages in the noble 'Funeral Anthem,' indicates how deeply Handel had penetrated himself with the humour (melodically rude and vague, but expressive,) of the antique Romish chants. How affecting, at a later page, in somewhat the same style, is the unaccompanied passage *a due* 'We therefore pray thee.' To return, the culminating point of the hymn is the Cherubim and Seraphim chorus. Here again, we have almost a literal citation of the theme of the Chorus, 'Glory to God,' in the 'Messiah,'—and in the 'Holy, holy,' a second employment of that simple and stupendous climax which gives such force to the 'Hallelujah.' The close of this chorus, on the words "heaven and earth," with its massive pedal effect, may be pointed out as possibly Handel's most pompous of his thousand pompous closes. 'The glorious company,' scholastic as a piece of sustained writing,—romantic in the total infidelity of its imperfect close to its commencement,—and the *trio*, 'Thou sittest at the right hand,' as a fine specimen of old-fashioned vocal writing, capital as an exercise for singers,—claim a word. Very glorious, with its long, rolling passages and simple harmonies, is the close of the chorus, 'And we worship thy name.' Very passionate is the *solo* 'Vouchsafe, O Lord,' where, again, a citation from Handel's 'All they that see him' (Messiah) may be observed.—How many modern writers of sacred songs have drawn their inspiration from this remarkable but short movement we will not attempt to number: enough to say there have been many.—Be the work, however ranked in first, second, or third place, among its maker's poems, we are glad to have a prospect of hearing it again in a complete form.

HAYMARKET.—In reporting on Mr. Murdoch, who performed *Rover* in the comedy of 'Wild Oats' on Monday, we are enabled to report progress. His performance of this part justifies our opinion already ceded of his general talent, and brings out

some new points which merit commendation. There is a decided manliness in this gentleman's acting, an energy and a force, which compensate for his comparative want of lightness in the mercurial characters which it seems nevertheless his ambition to impersonate. His volatility is evidently laboured, while his masculine vigour is direct and spontaneous. There is besides an intellectual sympathy evidently supporting his impulses, that makes the spectator like what the actor is about, for little other reason than that the actor likes it himself. Mr. Murdoch is a cheerful actor, and communicates only the pleasure that he feels.—This revival served also to bring out the talents of the stock performers. Mr. Chippendale was really great in *Sir George Thunder*, and Mr. Compton as *Ephraim Smooth* had a part exactly suited to his singularly dry style. Altogether, the old comedy, as acted, was pleasant enough; and, with all its improbable assumptions, still appealed to the feelings and commanded the suffrages of a crowded audience.

LYCEUM.—The play of 'The King's Musketeers' was produced on Thursday week, with complete success. Mr. Dillon in the dashing character of *D'Artagnan* achieved a decided triumph, and sufficiently proved that his powers are comprehensive, and include a variety of opposite attributes. The stirring incidents of this piece kept the audience in a state of excitement, and perhaps blinded them to the quality of the manners exhibited. The drama, however, has been judiciously weeded; and the horrors of 'La Jeunesse des Mousquetaires' have no place in the present version. One thinks of little but the contempt of danger shown by the hero, and the amusing scrapes which he is equally adroit in getting into and out of; for the rest, the eye is pleased by the beauty of the scenery and the brilliancy of the costumes, and the spectator is satisfied without looking deeper. However objectionable, too, the manners may be, they are decidedly those of the age of Louis the Thirteenth, and are therefore justified by their historical truth. As a gallery of portraits, this drama has considerable value. The monarch was appropriately played by a Mr. Normanton,—the *Cardinal Richelieu* found a capable representative in Mr. Stuart,—the *Queen* looked queenlike in the person of Mrs. Buckingham White,—and as *Constance* the founding, Miss Woolgar was charming.

STANDARD.—A new play, under the auspices of—and, it is stated, written by—Mr. Anderson, who enacts its two heroes, has been successfully produced. It is fancifully entitled 'Cloud and Sunshine,' and relates to the fortunes of twin-brothers, who appear—the first having killed himself for love—successively on the scene as suitors to a coquetish beauty. The sub-title, 'Love's Revenge,' tells the tale of the second brother, whose vindictiveness is purchased by a rejected rival, after the manner of *Claude Melnotte*, to woo the scornful lady, and afterwards, as in the case of *The Patrician's Daughter*, to reject her proffered hand in the presence of assembled guests. Explanations follow, which induce the hero to challenge his tempter, whereupon a fight ensues, after the fashion of the Corsican Brothers, in shirt-sleeves. These points of the action deprive the play of the merit of originality; but they gave to the actor opportunities, which he made the most of. The last act was tedious; and the *dénouement*, which marries the avenger to the repentant coquette, very absurd. The merits of the piece as a literary production are slender: but as an acting-play it has capabilities.

SURREY.—The adaptation of 'Dred' at this house has been deservedly successful. Mr. Creswick personates the enthusiastic abolitionist with great sincerity; nor is Mr. Shepherd, as *Tom Gordon*, less energetic in his own particular way. Slave-holding ferocity loses nothing from his mode of exhibition. We may bestow a passing word of praise on Mr. Basil Potter's *Harry*, and venture a still stronger commendation of Mr. Widdicombe's *Uncle Tiff*. Of course, the characters have been much enlarged in the process of stage-development,

and the piety of the romance is substituted by extra action in the melo-drama. The author of the version is Mr. F. Phillips, who has done his work skillfully.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC GOSSIP.—Local papers announce that the gentlemen of Aberdeen, shamed that their town should contain no fit place in which they can ask a travelling Nightingale to sing, or assemble as many as wish to hear her, have been laying their heads together in order to have a commodious music-hall, capable of containing some 2,500 persons.—A vote of 5,000*l.* has been proposed at Leeds for the organ which is to be built in the new Hall there.

Signor Verdi and his publishers have been "cast" in the attempt, mentioned by us last week, to restrain Signor Calzadò from performing Signor Verdi's operas at the *Italian Opera*, Paris. What is more, they were amerced 50*l.* in consideration of the inconvenience and loss suffered by M. Calzadò on being compelled by their prohibition to postpone 'Il Trovatore,' which had been announced for performance.

Signor Rossini has returned to Paris for the winter, with health, it is said, entirely restored. Never a melody will he give to theatre or publisher; but his well of "sayings" does not seem to run dry. On being applied to, say the reports of the Verdi and Calzadò trial, to support the Italian composer by demanding money from the Italian Opera for the permission to produce his works,—“What! I demand money from the Italian Opera-house?” cried he; “I should be an utter ingrate: I ought rather to give than to take it!” What has become of Signor Rossini's 'Ermione'—an opera but once represented at Naples, and treasured, it has been said, against “a rainy day,” as being a favourite work with the *maestro*? If the above tale be not merely a tale, to concede the 'Ermione' to M. Calzadò's management would be giving the Italian theatre money in the most gracious form.

Amateur composers, actors, and singers, are multiplying according to the rate of geometrical progression, and rising proportionally in ambition, as we have almost weekly reason to observe. Among other regularly organized establishments of the kind, we may note at home that of the "National Dramatic Club, for the private amateur Representation of the works of British Authors," just opening its winter season. On the Continent the development of like tastes and accomplishments takes higher flights,—since our brethren across the Channel are talking of amateur opera performances about to be publicly given in Paris, with Prince Joseph Poniatowski at their head.

That Mdle. Wagner's advertised retirement from the stage is a mistake, the Prussian journals prove,—since they announce the lady's re-appearance as *Lucrèce Borgia*, and further mention, that she is about to take part in a new opera, 'A Night in Russia,' by Herr Dorn. This composer's 'Nibelungen' opera (by the way) seems likely to anticipate Herr Wagner's quadrilogy of "Nibelungen" operas,—since it is announced as one of the works about to be brought forward during the coming winter at Vienna.

Mr. Wallace has returned to America with the MS. score of an opera, on which he has been engaged for many years, but which he seems to have been unable to "place" in any theatre of England, France, or Germany.—A Mdle. Wilhorst has been making her first appearance in New York, as a singer, with great success.—There, too, in spite of the potent leaven of new German-ism imported into the United States by late settlers, M. Meyerbeer seems to "rule the hour."—Madame de La Grange is described as having succeeded in 'L'Étoile,'—and the pure, unmitigated German company imported thither selected for the commencement of their undertaking 'Robert der Teufel,'—no German opera at all, but a French opera translated.

Mr. Wigan's habitual tact forsook him when he put forward the address which heads the *Olympic* bill for the week. If it suited his treasury or the present state of his company to perform 'Retri-

bution,' there was nothing to be said but to take the chances of such performance. To profess that the play is given as a salutary lesson, and to talk of "moral" inculcated by it, is only, virtually, to walk in the steps of the manager, who the other day declared in print that he would not for the world have made 'La Traviata' an unwholesome opera by depriving its heroine of her disrespectability. Our own judgment of the recent campaign undertaken against a few dramatic offences is on record. The movement is absurd because inconsistent; but such inconsistencies are as old as plays and publics. The great situation in 'Malek Adhel,' of a nun clinging to a crucifix as shelter from the persecutions of mundane love shall be applauded to the echo, while the selfsame combination in Sir Edward Lytton's drama of 'La Vallière' shall be hissed from the boards. Our tragical audiences rejoice over funeral processions in 'King Richard the Third,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Hamlet,' (the last with a quarrel in the grave, above the corpse!)—in 'Duchess Eleanor' the sight of catafalque and pall shall raise great wrath. 'La Favorita' and 'Lucrezia' shall pass among operas, 'La Traviata' shall be singled out. This is all very silly; but there is no dragging public opinion into justice or consistency,—and since no necessity save a financial one can arise for tempting appetite with suspected fare, we cannot hold Mr. Wigan, as he professes himself to be, clear of "defiance" in repeating 'Retribution,' as he has done, with a preface pointing out the high and healthy moral of the piece.

A three-act comedy, 'Chacun pour soi,' lately produced at the *Théâtre Vaudeville*, is among the last dramatic novelties in Paris. More successful is said to have been a posthumous little drama by Madame Émile de Girardin, 'Une Femme qui déteste son Mari,' which has been given at the *Théâtre Gymnase*.—The *Théâtre Français*, unable to get a new success, seems falling back on its old plays. 'Le Légataire Universel,' by Regnard, —played by Mlle. Brohan and M. Regnier—is said to draw crowds. Is it possible, those conversant with French comedy may ask, that the piece is played as it is published?—and before a public, out of tenderness to whose delicacy Madame Dudevant, obligingly mollified some of our barbarous Shakspeare's coarsenesses, considerably apologizing for the rest? The explanation of certain grossnesses in Regnard's dialogue, unredeemed by any wit or humour, may be found, perhaps, in the rough and roving life led for some years by the author. How and where his "wild oats" were sown—how, before he bought his Government appointment in Paris, and sat down there as a man of wit and pleasure and comedy-writer, he was, among other adventures, sold as a slave at Algiers, together with "la belle Provençale," to whom he had attached himself,—and the sequel, are "passages" of Regnard's life sufficiently well known. They may explain, though they cannot excuse, the dramatist's willingness to raise a laugh by flinging about, not fire, but mire.—The humour for revival which seems setting in in Paris is curious, if it be a sign that the French public is beginning to weary of the ingenuity of the new school of playwrights, to which truth, ease, and character must more or less be sacrificed.—The expectations which had been excited on behalf of Mlle. Lebrun as a new tragic actress, who was to take up the crown and sceptre abdicated by Mlle. Rachel, have not been fulfilled by the young lady's appearance at the *Théâtre Français*, in the 'Polyeucte' of Corneille. The journalists seem to fancy that such talent as the young and pretty lady possesses lies in the direction of comedy.—'L'Avocat des Pauvres,' a five-act drama, by M. Paul Meurice, is said to have produced a sensation at the *Théâtre de la Gaîté*, with M. Meline in the principal character.

MISCELLANEA

Mercer, the Sea-King.—Allow me to correct a slight mistake in the *Athenæum* for August last (p. 1016, col. 1, l. 8), and to state that the name

of the "fierce Scotch pirate" there mentioned was *Mercer*, not "*Mercier*."—John Mercer, though termed a pirate in the parlance of that day (2 Rich. ii.), was in reality a gallant and patriotic subject of Scotland's King. At a time, when in England and Scotland royal navies were mere figments, when national armaments were got up by contributions from certain sea-ports, corporations, and wealthy individuals, the said John, at his own expense, fitted out a squadron with which he soon became the terror of England's coast, from the Tweed to the Land's-End. So great was his renown as a naval chieftain, that the Kings of France and Spain both sent ships of war to place themselves under his command; and the latter further sent him a commission of Admiral in the Spanish Royal Navy. I only obtrude these remarks as an introduction to the following little anecdote, which may perhaps be thought of sufficient interest to obtain a place in the columns of the *Athenæum*. Somewhere about the beginning of the nineteenth century, a cousin of mine (Lieut.-Col. Mercer, of the Life Guards, and of Queen Anne Street, West), passing through St. Paul's Churchyard, was surprised at seeing a handsome piece of plate in a shop-window bearing his own family arms. Naturally enough, he went in to inquire whence it came, and was informed that it was one of numerous articles which from time to time had been brought for sale by an old woman who lived somewhere in the neighbourhood,—that some only of these bore the arms of Mercer, the greater part being totally different. My cousin purchased the cup (for such it was), and having ascertained the whereabouts of the person who had sold it, went in search of and afterwards trouble found her in a miserable garret in a lane near St. Paul's. The poor creature was on her death-bed, and he only succeeded in eliciting from her that, to the best of her knowledge, she was the last of the Philpots, of Upton Court, East Kent,—from a series of misfortunes the family had been reduced to poverty,—and that she had for some time subsisted on the sale of what remained of the family plate, among which was much that had been taken on board the ship of the Scotch pirate Mercer by her great ancestor, the alderman, Sir John Philpots. It were needless, perhaps, to add, that Col. Mercer did what he could to alleviate the misery of this last remnant of an ancient family,—but in vain, she expired almost immediately afterwards. The beauty of the cup had saved it from the crucible, to which all the other articles had been consigned. In shape it is an urn, has two handles, and the cover is attached by a hinge, highly embossed, having on one side the family arms as used at this day. In size, it may be about a quart. This story was related to me by Col. Mercer himself, very many years ago; and I was somewhat surprised, subsequently to his death, on finding his son (the late Lieut.-Gen. Douglas Mercer, C.B.) totally ignorant of it until mentioned by me.

ALEX. MERCER.

Cowley Cottage, near Exeter.

The Law of the Loaf.—The incoherent mixture of things old and new which distinguishes affairs and manners in France, was brought before me the other day while in the South, by a trial, the point of which may be new to some of even your legal readers, and as such may be worth a line or two. There seems an ancient unpealed statute in France, according to which a baker, once having begun to bake bread, cannot relinquish his trade without giving a twelvemonth's warning to the authorities. I read in one of the local journals that on this plea a baker (I think at Bayonne) was brought into court the other day for having ceased to distribute loaves without giving due notice. He was found guilty and fined. O.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—B. X.—Coadjutorism explained.—The Rev. J. G.—XCL.C.R.—ΦΦ.—C. G.—received.

M.—JUVENIS—will see by our columns this week that the question referred to in their notes is settled.

Erratum.—P. 1271, col. 2, lines 58, 59, for "the 'Leat'" read 'The Liar.'

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